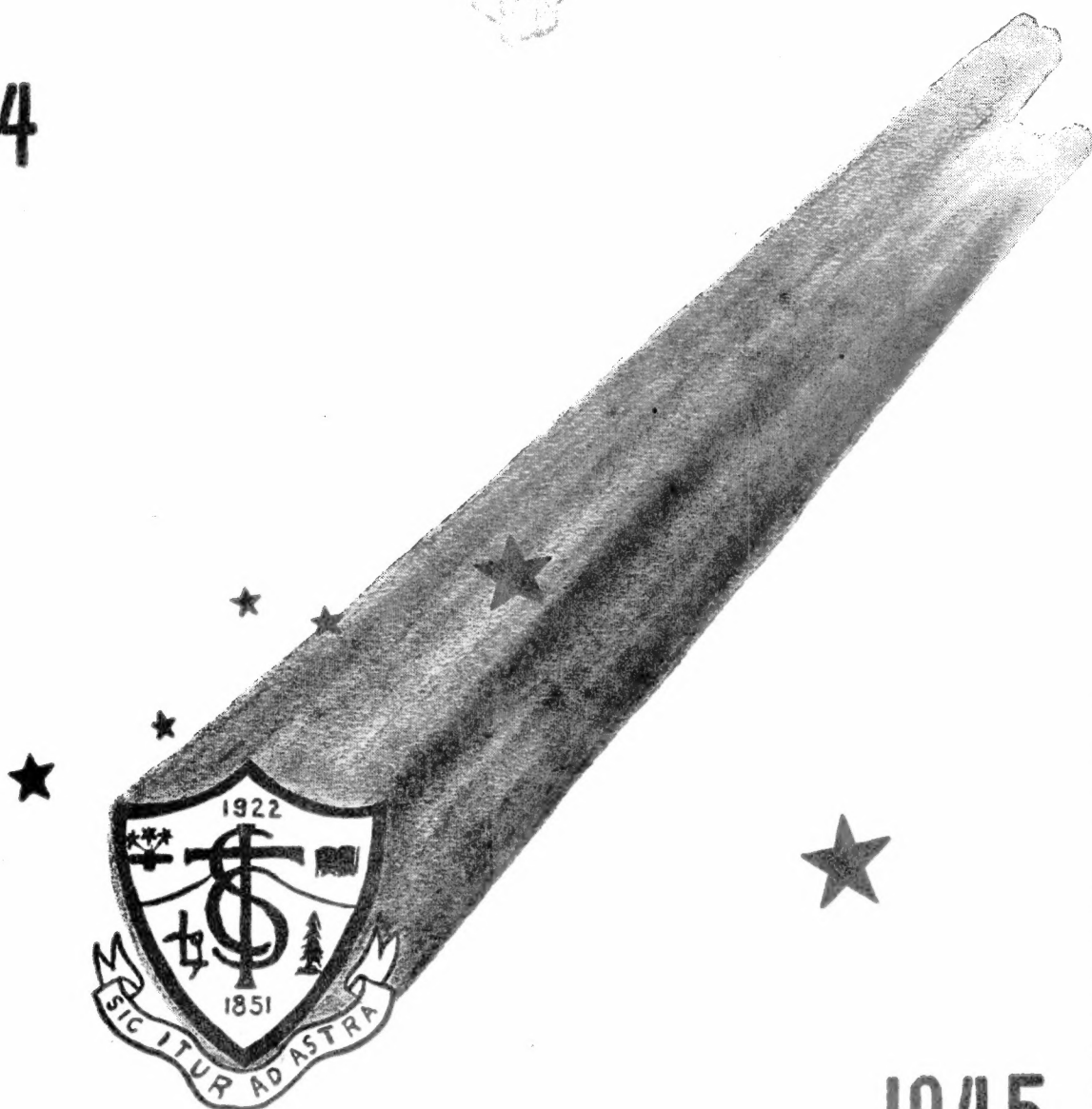


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Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the
1945 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the
readers of this publication.

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial, and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Announcement of these is made in the local press early in October.

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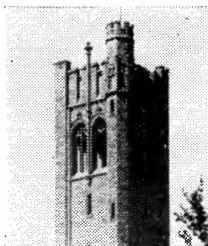
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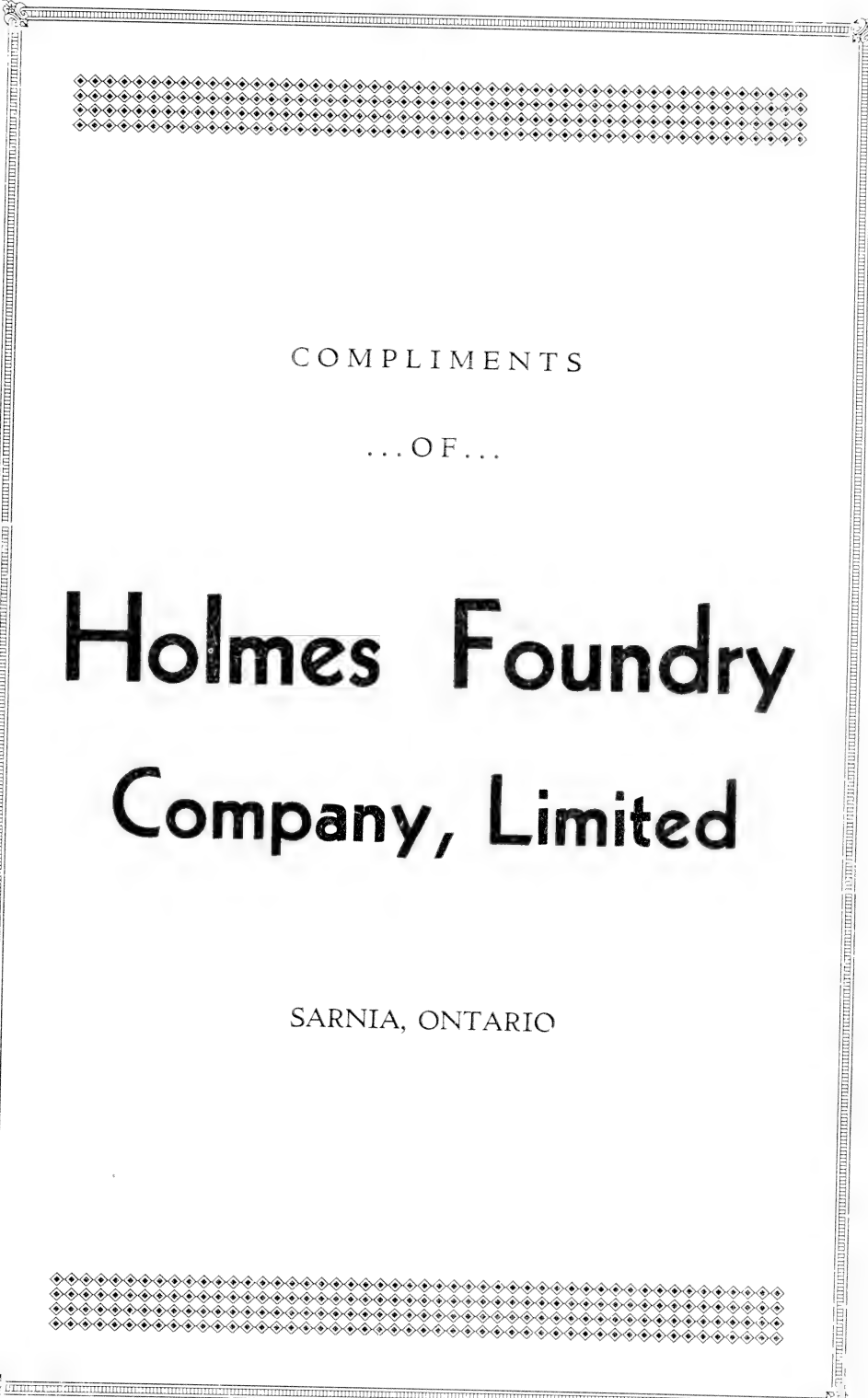
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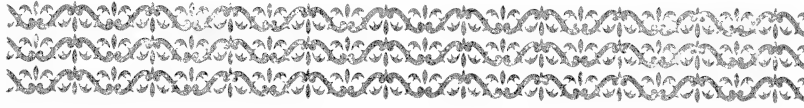
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1945

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The Collegiate



F. C. ASBURY

IT IS with mixed feelings that this issue of the School Magazine is dedicated to Mr. Asbury. We offer him our sincere congratulations on his appointment as High School Inspector. But we regret he is leaving us as principal. Since 1925, when he was appointed principal of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, twenty years have passed. They have been momentous years. During this time our country experienced a short period of unusual economic prosperity followed by one of the most disastrous depressions in history. Throughout these years, the guidance, foresight and tact of Mr. Asbury carried us safely through. Surely and steadily the school gained in prestige till now it ranks among the first in Secondary Schools of Ontario. His constructive leadership, courtesy and high ideals of service have left a lasting impression on all those who have been fortunate to have worked with him.

*"Words, once my Stock, are wanting to commend.
So good a man and so great a friend."*

The Best Of Them All

EVEN if Mr. Asbury has left us, that doesn't say we shall forget him. But to most of us he was our principal and—well, that is why we remember him, simply for the grand things he did for us here (not to mention the hours we spent watching that door with "Office" hanging over it). But have you ever wondered how he became principal or how he spent his youth—and did you know he is a very good singer and his first name is Frank?

To start at the beginning, he was born in Toronto and went to public school and high school there. Incidentally he passed his entrance when he was eleven years old. The high school he attended was called Parkdale. It was different from ours because it had an outside gym; that is, the gym was a separate building. The school was noted for track and field rugby. Mr. Asbury however took part only in the track and field.

He attended the University of Toronto and went to Victoria College. Most of his time was spent in the Physics Building. After he earned his B.A., he worked for a year as a lab. assistant, helping prepare solutions and getting ready for lecture, thus earning his M.A. Dr. Mustard graduated the same year as Mr. Asbury. Mr. Asbury was among the leaders of the class and had time for public speaking and singing. He won second place in general proficiency for the Province at Matriculation. The result was the presidency of the Mathematics and Physical Society. He was also a member in the Victoria College quartet. He is pictured in the 1911 year book in his capacity as president of the club, and in the glee club of the college. Also there is a picture of him, which by the way shows a handsome dark-haired young man, (do you suppose we gave him those white hairs?) beside a very flattering description of his university life which begins thus: "He was a scholar, and a ripe good one, exceeding wise, fairspoken, and pervading."

When he graduated, he went to "Faculty" with Mr. Southcombe and Miss Burriss and began teaching at Harbord High School, Toronto. He was a math. teacher there, but his career was interrupted by the Great War.

When he joined up, he was sent to O.T.C., the equivalent of our Officer's Training School. While in college he had studied under Dr. McClennan. At the time of the last war when the submarine menace was so bad, it was discovered England had food for only six weeks more and if the submarines weren't destroyed so ships could cross safely, the people of England would starve. Well you may have noticed the English are still alive and kicking, Thank goodness! But do you know why? Because the Admiralty asked Dr. McClennan to try to work out a way of destroying submarines. This he did. However he insisted upon having his old pupils, Mr. Asbury among them, to be his assistants. Mr. Asbury was sent to aid Dr. McClennan along with others.

Mr. Asbury didn't tell me much of his war experience in the interview except for the bare facts which I had to ask for. He also seemed to exercise this same—shall we say reticence—with the staff for they apparently knew nothing of it until a lecturer accidentally mentioned it to them one time when he was describing the mechanism of submarine detectors and magnetic mines.

When he returned, he taught at Harbord again until he was sent to Sarnia. When he and Mrs. Asbury came, the school had been newly built and Mr. Campbell was principal. He taught Math. for three years in the same room as Mr. Marcy has now. He was easy-going, but there was no fooling in his room or the upper hall over which he had charge. Did you know he taught Mr. Langan?

The Collegiate

Three years after he came, he became principal and has been universally liked and respected as such by both teachers and pupils for twenty years. Since he became principal, he has had few changes made in the school except for several improvements in the auditorium and the rifle range, and more recent ones in the lighting system and the building of the welding shop to train war workers. The school has run along with smoothness ever since he has been here with the exception of the time during the depression when the school was put on staggered hours to handle 1375 pupils, although its capacity is from 900-1000.

Mr. Asbury took an active part in arranging football games with out-of-town teams before the war and drove carloads of teachers to see the games. He also likes shooting very much. He is an excellent shot. His singing activities did not stop with his university life. In 1923 he took the part of the captain in "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was staged here. Incidentally Mr. VanHorne sang a part in it also.

But Mr. Asbury's life did not centre entirely around his work connected with the school. He had many outside interests and connections. He has taken an active part in the work of St. Andrew's Church for many years and he has been on the board of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

Wishing him every success in his new job we would at this time, by way of this magazine, like to pay tribute to a great man and a swell guy, Mr. Asbury.

Lorraine LeNeve 11-A.



"**A**LAS Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years glide by," and with the passing of time, also pass many erstwhile friends. This past year has been a period of many changes in the staff of our school, we have said good-bye to several good friends and excellent teachers, Mr. Asbury, a respected principal for twenty years and Mr. Rogin, who have both moved to new positions in Toronto; Mr. Asbury to the Inspection Board and Mr. Rogin to the Hebrew Youth Association Centre; and Miss Hazel Brown who is now stationed on the East Coast as a Wren. Until the end of this term, Mr. W. C. Coles, assistant principal, is taking over the duties of principal; and, in the fall, Mr. Alexander Sinclair, of Port Arthur, will assume his responsibilities in that well-known room on second floor. Mr. Cook is replacing Mr. Coles in the Commercial Department for the rest of this term. Mr. Rogin's place in the gym is supplied by Mr. Newell, while Mrs. Claxton has ably filled the vacancy left by Miss Brown. Mr. Passmore has joined the staff to help out in the drafting department. On the year's sick list are Miss Taylor, Miss McCool, Mr. Helson and Miss Wilton (who hopes to return next fall, after an absence of two years). They were replaced during their absence by Miss Mary Duff, Mrs. Saunders (an old friend), and Mr. Lane. We extend best wishes for recovery and speedy return to Mr. Helson and Miss Wilton; and we hope that those visiting teachers who have so capably and amiably fulfilled their tasks during the year, will, in the future, find it possible to visit us again.



STAFF PHOTOGRAPH — 1945-46

Front Row—Left to right: Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Southcombe, Miss Taylor, Mr. Treitz, Miss Harris, Mr. Asbury, Miss Welman, Mr. Coles, Miss Martin, Mr. Garbett, Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Newell.
 Second Row—Left to right: Mrs. Claxton, Miss Burriss, Miss McCool, Miss Heasman, Miss Ramsden, Miss LaPiere, Miss Weir, Miss McDonald, Miss McRoberts, Miss Howden, Mr. Billingsly, Mr. Asker, Mr. Helson.
 Third Row—Left to right: Mr. Watson, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Passmore, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Burns, Mr. Hawley, Mr. Langan, Mr. Graham, Mr. O'Donohue.
 Back Row—Left to right: Mr. Sperling, Mr. Bond, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Marcy, Mr. Dennis.
 Absent—Miss Halliday, Miss Kitching, Miss Walker, Mr. Dobbins.

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1944 - 1945

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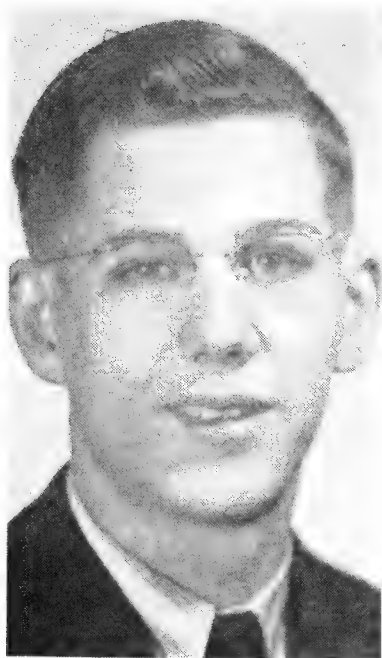
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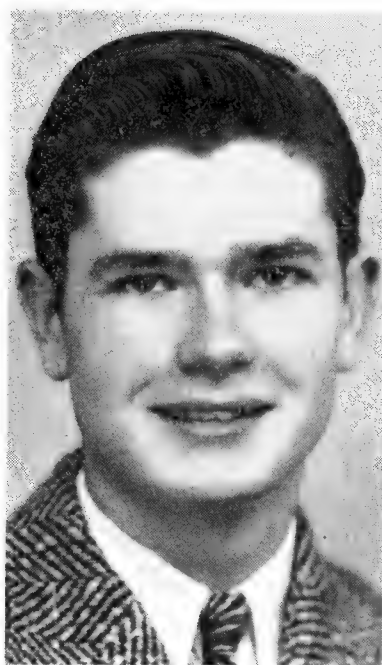
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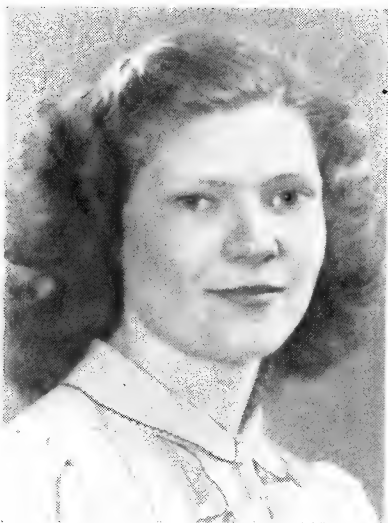
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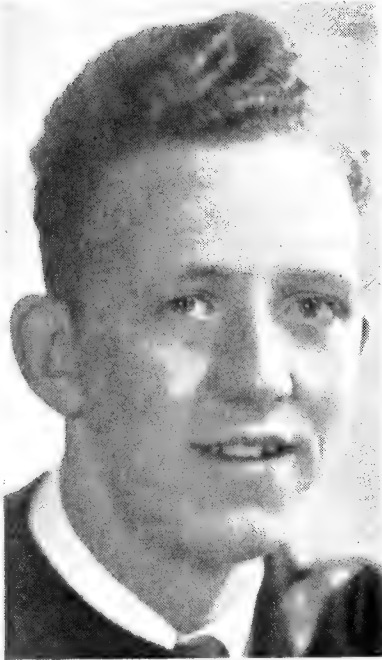


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(Many thanks to Anna Mae Brain and Miss Middleton)

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

The banner form of the year—SPECIAL COMMERCIAL! Eleven beautiful and intelligent girls and two handsome gentlemen comprise Special Commercial—the smallest form in the school.

During the year the members of Special have had a great deal of fun and happiness together, much added by our form teacher, Mr. Johnston.

Members of the Special Commercial Graduating Class of 1944-45 are as follows:

Noreen Clysdale	Velma Joyce	Dorothy Scott
Betty Cook	Evelyn Heal	Kenneth Smith
Lois Dove	Clare Oliver	Shirley Storey
Shirley Hastings	Dorothy Pippard	Dorothy Teasell
	Nola Scimmi	

To our form teacher, Mr. Johnston, and to our other teachers, we extend our sincere thanks for help and kindness during the year.

PRIZE WINNERS

After much deliberation our editorial board has selected the following students as the prize winners of their respective divisions.

Congratulations, and many thanks for your efforts.

Travel	- Nellie Thompson	"THE PANAMA CANAL"
Poetry	- Joe Hackney	"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD STUDENTS"
Music	- Margaret Sinclair	"H.M.S. PINAFORE"
Science	- Elgin Thompson	"RADAR"
Literature	- Mike Turner	"THE DAWN PATROL"
Cover	- John McGillivray.	

The Collegiate



THE SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL



W. G. COLES
Acting Principal



EDITOR — NANCY LeSUEUR

- ECHOES—Peterborough, Ont. We like your tribute to "Our Unreturning Brave." It is, in general, a very smart magazine.
- TWEEDSMUIR TRUMPETER—Hamilton, Ont. Your public school efforts put to shame many a higher publication. Keep up the good work!
- PERROQUET—Regina, Saskatchewan. Nicely arranged.
- BAYONET—Camp Blanding Florida. Edited by the infantry boys while in training.
- ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Wolfville, N.S.
- REVIEW—Trinity University. The poetry section is exceptionally good, but why no humour or gossip? Also, we suggest you improve the headings.
- KENEALL—Kennedy Collegiate, Windsor, Ont. We like your outdoor pictures of staff, etc., by your own camera club.
- ENDEAVOR—London, Eng. Purely scientific.
- WATSONIAN—Watson College, Edinburgh, Scotland. A bit serious. Why not throw in some humour?
- SILHOUETTE—McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
- BISHOP COLLEGE SCHOOL—Very well edited, and nicely arranged.
- TERIG—University of Toronto Schools. We like your informal editorial board pics, also your headings.
- HIGHLIGHTS—Beverly Hills, California. Very neatly edited newspaper, highly informative for students.
- VILLAMARIAN—Miraflores, Peru. Edited by girls of Villa Maria School. The poem "Frana 1771" particularly caught our eyes.
- CENTRALITE—Knoxville, Tennessee.

A Frenchman struggling with the English language turned to a Canadian for counsel.

Pierre: "What is a polar bear?"

Wes Moore: "Polar Bear? He lives way up north."

Pierre: "But what does he do?"

Wes: "Oh! he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

Pierre: "Zat settle it. I weel not accept."

Coach: "What do you mean?"

Pierre: "I was invited to be a polar bear at a funeral and I will not accept it."

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EDITOR — DAVID PALMER

THE S. C. I. & T. S. PRAYER

Grant us the strength from day to day
To bear what burdens come our way.
Give us throughout this school year
The happy friendship we hold so dear.
Help us to live, that we may be
From spite and petty malice free.

May we all learn not to complain
When disappointments form a chain;
Nor spoil with deed of hate and rage
To-day, to-morrow, the coming age.
New students will come, and old ones go;
In courage let them stronger grow.

—Mary Jane Pembleton, 11-A.

DO IT NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing;
If you like him or you love him, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration
And he lies with snow white lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it,
He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money, is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend,
For it gives to life a savour, and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise—bestow it! If you like him let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

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HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

We come to school and learn in Lit.
That the books we read must have been
writ
By Shakespeare, Hardy, or men like
them,—
And so in protest I lift my pen.

Instead of Shakespeare every year,
Macbeth, the Henry's, and King Lear;
How about something modern, new,
By someone who lives in the age we do?

Instead of seeing that everyone learns
Of Tennyson, Browning, Robert Burns,
Let us read some amusing trash—
Robert Benchley or Ogden Nash.

There must be an author, or two, or three,
Who never sat "Under the Greenwood
Tree";

And isn't there one who could make us
swoon
Instead of boring us with "Lorna Doone?"

For English texts that are slow and dry
I've taken a census and nine-tenths ask
why
We don't even have one day a week
With poems not resembling old Roman or
Greek.

And how about just once letting us read
A poem, or tale or a valiant deed,
Without knowing or caring about the
theme?
Ah me!—It sounds like a beautiful
dream!

—Mary Jamieson, 13-B.

THE STORM

There was the northern sea, so calm and vast:
The oily, gentle swell, the breathless hush,
The heaven's vault with lowering clouds o'er cast,
And all the lonely ocean was shush,
As if 'twere gathering strength to break at last
With the mighty fury of the stormy blast.

The seas surge restlessly, as if in sleep:
Far off the thunder's murmur, lightning's flash:
The wakened winds across the ocean sweep.
Again—but closer, comes the thunder's crash,
And now the wild, white horses rise and leap
Unhindered, free, across the heaving deep.

Above the boiling, raging seas the heights
Are filled with racing clouds, so low and black,
Swirling, hurtling, fraught with flashing lights,
And sounding over all, the thunder's crack.
The shrieking, moaning wind still louder cries
Between the mountainous waves and the dark grey skies.

But now, at last, slowly subsides the deep
As though great Nature, tired by the strife,
Had sunk into a restless, uncalm sleep,
As though unwilling, had departed life.
Then cold and lonesome falls the arctic night,
While glows over all this, the northern light.

—Edward Bagley, 12-A.

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HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD STUDENTS

The stewardess sees safety belts are all tight,
Armour and crash helmets fastened just right.
Horses and cows! Clear the road of such trash,
Courtright is set for the Cannonball's dash.

Line forms on the left; don't forget the admission!
The driver pulls the choke and applies the ignition.
There's a bang, and a splutter, a spurt of exhaust,
The first revolutions expel excess frost.

Fast roll the wheels o'er Highway No. 40
As the Cannonball streaks on her umpteenth sortie.
Bulldozer ahead! Prepare to ram!
But the driver soon sees it's just Cunningham.

"Corunna in sight!" yells an eagle-eyed chap.
The driver immediately checks with the map,
For if there was made a miscalculation,
We would likely arrive at the wrong destination.

At Corunna we come to a slow, jerky stop,
Fill the inside with students, pile others on top.
From there on guns stick out the sides in a row,
For wolves have been sighted down there, you know.

A fellow sees one and shouts in glee,
But, due to poor "ammo," he didn't hit me.
Then there's a hill that's extremely steep;
When the Cannonball tries it, she folds in a heap.

But in the conclusion all things are not bad;
On arriving at school, we're exceedingly glad.
But no more of this, for on reaching the city
I come to the end of this little ditty.

—Joe Hackney, 12-B.

Mike: "What are you doing tonight?"
Slate: "Going out with a sailor."
Mike: "Tomorrow night?"
Pauline: "A soldier."
Mike: "The night after that?"
Pauline: "I have a date with an airman."
Mike: "What are your post-war plans?"



LITERATURE

EDITOR — BETTY-JUNE GRAY

"THE DAWN PATROL"

IT had been a perfect day and now the sun was gathering in his radiant beams to form his evening cloak of glowing robes. The cool blue Pacific was gently lapping the sides of silent ships as they slipped noiselessly towards their destination. Their forms were silhouetted against the crimson sky, and one who looked upon this scene would have found it hard to believe that not very far away one of the bloodiest conflicts in global history was being waged. Amongst this armada of mighty ships men and machines were sweating, preparing for the day ahead. From above came the steady, unmistakable drone of the evening patrol from the carrier. On board the carrier the deck men and riggers were preparing for the last flight to come in. From her decks one could see huge transports which were shepherded by the watch dog destroyers of the Royal Navy. Off in the distance, the massive images of heavier men o' war kept guard. Truly it was a wonderful sight.

During evenings such as these, the pilots of those guardian angels collected to smoke, talk over the day's work, joke, and in general, rest their weary limbs. Some preferred to stay in their quarters and sleep or possibly write letters home. They were all wonderful fellows, always

ready to joke, always ready to fight the common foe, and, if necessary, willing to give up their lives doing so. Among their numbers, the character of some stood out more than others. Take for example John Duncan. He was tall and straight, his wavy black hair flowed back from his slightly wrinkled forehead, and when he looked at you a sparkling gleam came from his cool, steel blue eyes. John was popular with his shipmates; due to his height he was nicknamed "Slim." It seemed to the other pilots that there was never a moment when "Slim" wasn't modest or quiet. He had a good head on his shoulders and knew how to use it, especially in action.

Not far from where the men were joking and enjoying their off hours was a large enclosed hangar. In this hangar were the planes that these men fought with, were wounded in, and even killed in. The riggers and the fitters were swarming over them like busy bees; preparing them for the day ahead. Every last one; dive bombers, torpedo bombers, fighters, and reconnaissance ships were kept in perfect running order. The lives of the pilots rested in the hands of the fitters and riggers, for it was they who made those planes fly. Up against the starboard wall was lined a trim row of fight-

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ers, their fuselages and topsurfaces were painted silver gray while their bellies were white. Going down the line one would notice that the planes were spotlessly clean. Each plane in turn bore a name: "Fiery Pencil," "Hot Lead," "Simple Susie," but on coming to the fourth a change seemed to take place. Yes! The plane was the same as all the rest yet it seemed different. Take its name for instance; it was painted with red paint on the silver gray background, it read "Ginger." From the cockpit emerged a well shaped head with curly black hair and steel blue eyes. It could be plainly seen that the man bore the rank of a full lieutenant and on his tunic was the ribbon of the D.F.C. It was Lieutenant John Duncan. He was getting his plane in shape for another day's work.

The coming of day in the Pacific is just as beautiful to watch as its leaving. The sun comes up above the eastern horizon and unfurls with all his splendour the light of another day. Everything aboard the carrier was stirring and all seemed to sense the pending battle. Four sleek Supermarine Seafires were slowly being raised by the deck elevators from their enclosed hangars. No sooner had they reached the deck when their fitters swarmed over them to prepare them for the dawn patrol. In a few minutes they were lined up on the flight deck; "Hot Lead," "Simple Susie," "Fiery Pencil" and "Ginger." Just below the main deck, four eager pilots were waiting in the briefing room to receive their final patrol instructions. Their superior officer entered and, following the traditional paying of compliments, he addressed them.

"Dick, you'll lead the flight."

"Yes Sir!"

"Bob will be your left wing man and Tim your right. Is that clear?"

"Yes Sir!"

"John, you'll take tailless Charlie."

"Yes Sir."

"To-day, Dick, you'll be red flight. I want you to keep well ahead of the task force at 15,000 feet. Keep a sharp look-

out, and you'll be relieved by blue flight at 0630 hours. Report anything you see! Any questions?—Fine! Good luck and good hunting!"

The Seafires left the flight deck one after the other, and made formation above their ship, Dick leading the "Vic" formation, Bob to his left, Tim to his right and John weaving back and forth behind them to protect their tails. They turned away to starboard for their patrol, a patrol from which only one was to return.

It did not take them long to reach their required altitude of 15,000 feet. The tiny ships below made an impressive sight as they seemed to move on as one solid mass. After 20 minutes flying time, "red" flight was barely in sight of the task force, but they pushed onward in search of the enemy. A few moments later John's calm voice came over the inter. com.

"I think I see something at two o'clock Skipper! Not sure though!"

There was a decidedly long silence. It was broken by Dick's voice.

"Good Lord! I think you're right! Something's up! Hi! Bob and Tim close in and we'll investigate this matter. Keep your eyes peeled!"

The four Seafires seemed to jump into life together as they opened their throttles and sped towards the dark mass which appeared on the horizon, and was rapidly drawing nearer.

What they had sighted was a considerable portion of the Japanese. There were boats everywhere, including three aircraft carriers. Above this invincible armada, as it seemed, hovered a forty plus formation of Japanese torpedo and divebombers. Reports were immediately sent in to the carrier from which they had come only a few minutes before. At once the British task force swung into action. Merchantmen dropped back, the men o' war fell into battle formation of line astern. Decks were cleared, gun coverings came off, men doubled to their posts as the Royal Navy stripped for action. On board the carrier, fresh fighters were

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rushed on deck and put into the air. Anti-aircraft stations were sounded, shell cases rolled, and gun turrets swung on their barbettes.

Meanwhile "red" flight had prepared for action. It was their job, and they knew it, to break up that formation of Jap planes and try to hold them until reinforcements came. The odds were ten to one and more, for even now Jap Zeros were climbing skyward from their carrier decks. They seemed to hang in air by their spinning propellers as they spireled up.

"Red" flight tore into the enemy with everything they had. Many Japs fell before those blazing guns.

The odds were too great to hope for continued success. Tim's amo. ran out and he was cut down as he turned to leave. Bob got a tracer in his gas tank and blew up in mid-air. This left Dick and John. Both their machines were badly shot up but they fought on. John saw a Zero on his leader's tail and he knew that a Zero on one's tail is not the

easiest thing in the world to get rid of. Forgetting his own safety, he dove down after that Zero. John got that Zero but as he pulled out of his dive a cannonade of tracers and cannon bullets ripped into his Seafire. His machine just disintegrated in air. He hadn't a chance.

Upon the arrival of reinforcements Dick was able to limp back to the carrier. Thus a battered Seafire crash-landed on the dack. The sole survivor of the Dawn Patrol.

Dick for his gallantry in action was awarded the D.S.O. Bob, the bar to his D.F.C. and Tim the D.F.C. "Slim" was not forgotten. For unselfishly giving up his life to save his skipper's, he was awarded the Victoria Cross. In spite of the fact that a high honour was bestowed upon him, his friends and shipmates will never see his tall figure, his black wavy hair, or his cool, steel blue eyes; not to mention his sleek little fighter with that name that meant so much to him, "Ginger." For he died on the Dawn Patrol.

—Mike Turner, 12-B.

EXPRESSIONS

HAVE you ever stopped to think where certain expressions originated? Some of them have a very fascinating, yet odd origin.

I wonder if you could count the number of times you have used the expression "Before you can say Jack Robinson," yet I'll wager you don't know how it started! According to Grosse, a man who has looked up the subject very carefully, Jack Robinson was a man in olden days, who became well known because of the shortness of his visits, when he came to call on his friends. When the servants at a home where Jack Robinson called went to announce his coming to the host, it was said they hardly had time

to repeat his name out loud before he would take his departure.

Another interesting expression which we have come to use is "get the sack," meaning "to be discharged." It originated through the impression made upon people in this country when stories were brought to them of the way the Sultan of Turkey disposed of members of his harem of whom he had tired. When he wanted to get rid of one of his harem, he was said to have had her put in a sack and thrown in the Bosphorous. People who heard of the report repeated it to others and they became so used to telling the tale that they slipped quite naturally into the habit of saying "get the sack" when

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they meant that they expected to be put out of a position suddenly.

Have you ever said, "I don't care a straw." This expression originated in England. In ancient England, the houses had no floors. The great banqueting halls were strewn with rushes in summer and with straw in winter to cover the bare earth. Often the litter was allowed to lie unchanged so long that it became rotten and old and ill-smelling. Rushes or straw not only kept down the dust that would arise from constant passing to and fro, but were considered tokens of respect and

honor. New straw was always spread just before guests were expected. So fine a point of good manners was this custom, that to omit the laying new straw for an invited guest would have been a pointed unkindness, a slight, almost an insult. He, who left his floor as it was, "did not care a straw" for whoever was coming.

Although very few of our every-day expressions have been mentioned, you can see how interesting their origin is. Perhaps next time you use some slang, you will wonder how it started.

—Jean MacKinlay, 13-A.

A TRUE FRENCHMAN

AS Henri sat at the old, rickety piano in the dirty, smoky bar, his mind wandered idly back through the last five horrible years. The years since the beginning of the war had been years of horror, pain and suffering.

Preceding the war, Henri Perichon had been a concert pianist. Often he had played for the high French officials in Paris. Those were the days! He smiled wistfully as he remembered. It had been in these years of happy success that he had met and married Marie. That had been in 1938. He and Marie could have been very, very happy if the Boche had let them. However, they had had other ideas.

A waiter came up to him at this point with a request number to be played. Oh, yes, Henri knew it only too well! That with the Germans at the time of the fall was the piece that had been so popular of Paris.

The fall of Paris! Henri felt bitter anger burning in him as he thought of it. He could still see Marie's small body crumpled in the muddy ditch, her cold arms clutching their baby son, vainly protecting him. Strewn all along the road

were countless others, but he could only see Marie. His Marie and "petit" Henri—dead!

As he pounded out the last bars of this hated song, the fat bar-tender came over and placed a new piece of music in front of him.

"This piece, special," he said. "Play it nice for me, please. You know." Henri needed no further orders. He knew what to do. His eyes wandered over the piece. Putting his whole soul into the piece, before beginning to play. Then began! Henri played. The timing had to be perfect! He couldn't make a slip!

His eyes gleamed as his hands slipped over the keys. Someday these dirty Germans would be beaten to the dust! Someday! He, Henri, was helping that day to come faster. He was helping his country this very moment!

Although he knew nothing of morse code, Henri was playing a message to the English. Each time he played the note "G", a dot or a dash was winging its way across the Channel. These dots and dashes, when straightened out, would spell out a vital message.

Suddenly the little bar room was filled with the dreaded Gestapo. The secret

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had been discovered!

Henri continued to play, his eyes glued to the music. Two more pages! The message must get through!

The Germans began to methodically search the room. Suddenly one discovered the wire from the hidden wireless to the outside. He started to follow it about standing out on his forehead. Half a the room. Henri played as one possessed. He played with the cold sweat page! He must finish it! The message

must go!

As he played the last bar, the Gestapo agent reached the piano and looked inside. The wire had led to the wireless set.

In the early hours of the next morning, as Henri was being led out to face the firing squad, he heard the roar of British planes and the distant boom of Allied guns. He knew Marie had been avenged. The message had gone through; "D-day" had dawned!

BEV. STONE 13A

AIR FORCE LIFE

(Don MacFarlane was a member of T12 in 1942-43, when he left school to join the R.C.A.F. Now a navigator and with twenty-two months of air force experience behind him, he is enrolled in the Civilian Air Reserve. At the present, he is back in T-12 completing work on his Tech diploma).

I have been asked to write a short essay on airforce life, because, for the past two years I have had some experience in it. Life in the R.C.A.F. is really not much different from life at school, except that you know your classmates better, you do more work, and you have more fun.

First of all, learning any trade in the airforce is up to the individual. There are several tests given to each airman to show himself and the airforce what he is best suited for, and he must be keen and willing to do his best in the position that he has been chosen for.

After these classification tests are completed, training usually begins. Courses vary in length, some last only a few weeks, others take nearly a year or more before the coveted wing is attained.

Classes in the airforce begin at eight o'clock and end at five with a whole hour at dinner. This hour enables you to eat,

collect mail, visit the canteen, write letters and have a short sleep. Oh yes, I forgot to mention that you can listen to your favorite program, too—that is if you can find a radio. In the eight hours of classroom work, there are eight, one hour periods. This forms the timetable for the biggest part of the week, except that there are certain half days assigned to your class for flying. The number of days that you fly is in proportion to the number of hours that you need before graduation.

Punctuality is one thing that is insisted on, lest you find yourself washing dishes; for being late for classes is one thing that the instructors take a very dim view of. In our course, we rumbled anyone twenty-five cents, who was more than five minutes late,—yes, even the instructors. This policy eliminates many lates.

In the hour periods all kinds of "gen" (genuine stuff) is given by the instructors. There is always quite a list of humour and wit brought out. Generally one person insists on asking stupid questions such as, "What is the height of sea level?" Invariably these questions are good for a laugh. But the instructors dislike bright sayings and questions be-cdd person who would sooner slumber cause sudden roars of laughter awake the

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than listen to a lecture, and, who might better be left in peace.

After supper most students take an hour or so to sleep, or discuss their ideas on the lectures that they have had that day. Usually such ideas are expressed in words that cannot bear the light of print.

While on course, little time is allowed for amusement except at the weekends. The keen type of students will be found every night "binding" on the lectures of the day. Others will be found in such places as the snack bar, theatre, canteens, while some are busy phoning their friends from the nearest telephone booth. Wherever you go, though, everyone has a textbook or notebook tucked under his arm and, during available moments, mulls some previous lecture notes.

Recreation, however, is highly recommended by the instructors for it eases the strain on the mind after classroom work. On each station, there are a great many recreational facilities made available for the personnel.

To top the list, I think shows are the most popular. The shows that are given are among the best known, and service personnel usually have the opportunity of seeing them before they are exhibited in the neighbouring cities and towns.

Next in line come sports. Every airman is encouraged to take part in his favorite sport to keep physically fit and mentally alert. There is a wide variety of sports to choose from, the most common ones being basketball, floor hockey, volleyball, badminton, hockey, baseball, and soccer. Some stations have organized riding clubs. In the summer, you can rent one of the gallant steeds and roam the neighbouring countryside. In winter, sleigh rides are often organized which provide a great deal of pleasure. Other stations, which are located in a hilly country, provide skiis and toboggans for anyone who is interested.

For those who wish to pass their spare time without exertion, social doings have been organized. These include discus-

sion groups which cover every subject under the sun, sing songs, and competitive games such as bingo, euchre, bridge, cribbage, chess, and checkers.

On each station, there is a representative from some organized club such as the Y.M.C.A. or the Canadian Legion. He is responsible for most of the social life and assists the sports officer in sport activities. He deserves a great deal of praise for keeping up the morale of all personnel. He also attends to invitations for weekends, dinners, house parties, and dances.

Regardless of invitations to parties and dances some airmen prefer camp life. This is apt to be rather hectic. For one thing, most camps are centrally heated with steam which makes the rooms quite warm. Regardless of the temperature, however, there are always one or two who are not satisfied. It is "too warm" or "there is a draft". Because of this, the windows are continually heard moving up and down amidst everyone's noisy protests.

Then too, there is always the practical joker who insists on tampering with the beds. His easiest and most common gag is called "short sheeting". In case you don't know how this is done ask any airman, because the chances are he has been either the joker or his victim.

Other highlights of barrack room life include waterfights. The combatants always pray that a fire won't break out before hostilities cease, since the weapons employed are the camp's fire extinguishers.

The "cease fire" usually finds all hands mopping up the water around their bunks, lest they roll out and drown during the night. These fights are strictly prohibited and if anyone is caught tampering with the extinguishers they are penalized in some sort of way.

Despite such outbreaks, however, discipline is strict and is even stricter if the camp is near a city or town. Each station has its own set of rules and regulations, which it follows very carefully, and every

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airman is supposed to read them as soon as he is posted to the station. If the department of the airman is up to par, there is no reason why he should be disciplined. Everybody usually tries to do his best but sometimes this is impossible, especially after a night out, when a fellow may sleep in and miss a parade. If he does, he has to cook up a story to bluff his way out of the grasp of the disciplinarian officer.

Many more things are worthy of mention in the airforce camp, but due to limited space, I think I have written enough. After being in the reserve for only two months I sincerely hope that I will be called shortly to don the airforce blue, so that I may help to finish the job, which is in its final phase in Europe, and which is progressing day by day in the Pacific theatre.

THE HARBOUR

THE deep blue water lay quiet and mysterious in the glow of the early morning sunshine. As I stood on the wharf and looked down into its lonesome depths, it seemed as though a picture of the past was forming there. I saw a small sailing boat anchoring on an unknown shore, and the captain, a bearded and adventurous man, standing on the deck gazing with dreamy eyes into the wilderness of an undiscovered land. I saw a small clearing, and, in one of the log cabins, the same bearded captain, now stooped and gray but with the same keen eye, telling his grandchildren stories of adventures on the seas and of the civilized

land they had been. I saw the settlement growing until it became the thriving metropolis it is to-day. I lifted my eyes, and looked out to sea, and my dream was shattered by the appearance of a large freighter looming into shore. The captain was on the deck, but there was neither wonder nor expectance on his face. This was not new. He had come into this harbour many times; the thrill of new land was not his. I turned and walked slowly away. The harbour was not the beautiful thing it had been, but had become a busy everyday affair. It was a little disillusioning.

JOYCE CAMERON 12B

UNTIL TOMORROW

THE last, low drone of the enemy planes could scarcely be heard above the wail of the 'all clear'. The young warden shook his head despondently and turned to his companion.

"That's the worst raid we've had this month," he said. "These fogs are doing us more damage than we could believe."

"Well, I don't suppose we'll get many more, with only the hospital left," his aged companion spoke.

"It's your watch now, Joe. I'd best be getting home. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Dan turned, buttoned up his coat, pulled down his cap, and began to pick his way through the debris. It was always so good to get home after a hard night's work; and so good to have some hot tea, which his wife always had ready for him. Times had been hard, but somehow he had struggled through it all, and now, as far as he was concerned, he was at the top

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of the world—contentment, happiness, and, after the war, peace.

After the war—it was always after the war! This stopped the romantic circles in which his mind had been rushing around; he knew there was a war going on. He'd seen Jerry after Jerry come whirling down, leaving a blazing trail behind it in the black sky. He'd seen man after man come home from the front, wounded, shell-shocked, half crazy with anguish. Just then, he wondered where that Jerry had fallen tonight, he'd seen it go down.

He tramped on down the road now. Another mile and he would be home. Then he looked at stars and moon, and thanked God his little son would never have to fight in this war. Suddenly a deep, dire premonition that his son was not safe entered his mind. They did not have a bomb shelter but they had built a cupboard under the stairs, padded the walls and made it as comfortable as possible for their little family. He walked more quickly; soon he began to run, calling out to his wife and son that he was coming.

He ran on down the road as fast as he could; as he turned the fork he saw his home a low, smouldering shamble of bricks. The pangs that knifed at his heart were like a dozen lances slashing into him. He could not speak a word. His wife, his little boy, his whole world shattered before him, suddenly became a stark realization. Then he saw the bat-

tered framework of the downed Jerry, jutting up from the ground, vaguely, like a ship on a stormy sea stuck out against the horizon.

Somehow he stumbled up the lane, hot tears trickling down his face. For hours, he poked around the wreck, looking for any sign of his wife or son. For hours, he dug away the bricks with his bare hands, until they were cut and bleeding so much that he could scarcely bend his fingers; after that he kicked away the rubble with his feet until holes were burnt in his shoes.

The sunset wore into night. He flung himself upon the ground and sobbed until he could no longer; until he found himself in a still quietness. The patter of little footsteps up the lane echoed and re-echoed, sounded and resounded, more startling, than anything he had ever encountered.

"Daddy, daddy". A small voice called out, "I've been a bad boy to-day cause I played commandos again, and ran away on a mission. Mummy is down the lane 'cause she was tired from looking for me all afternoon. I'm sorry daddy. Aren't you going to spank me daddy?"

The father could scarcely believe his ears. He picked his small son up in his arms, and covering him with kisses, he ran to meet his wife.

This time there were tears of happiness and thankfulness in his eyes. Truly God had never forgotten him.

PEGGY CHRISTON 13B

SAILBOATS

SINCE the beginning of the war, and gasoline rationing, fewer and fewer gasoline-driven sports' boats are appearing on the lakes, but in their place are the modern sailboats. Sailing clubs have sprung into existence in many places, where they never were contemplated before.

Sailboats are divided into many different classes which have many differences entirely. The three classes, most popular in this district are, the "Star" class, the "National 1" and the "Moth". The "Star" class is the largest of the three and carries an extremely large mainsail and jib. To counter balance the large

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spread of canvas, is a 900 lb. keel. The "National 1" is a medium sized boat, which can be recognized by its jibsail which is almost as large as the mainsail. This boat is equipped with a centreboard. The "Moth" is the smallest boat of the three and is easily recognized by its blunt prow. The "Moth" is equipped with a

mainsail but no jib. The boat is only large enough for two people, and is so small, that it is not entirely trustworthy in extremely rough water.

Sailboats are becoming increasingly popular, and a Sunday afternoon at the beach will reveal many different types.

J. BLAKE 13A

CHINESE POEM

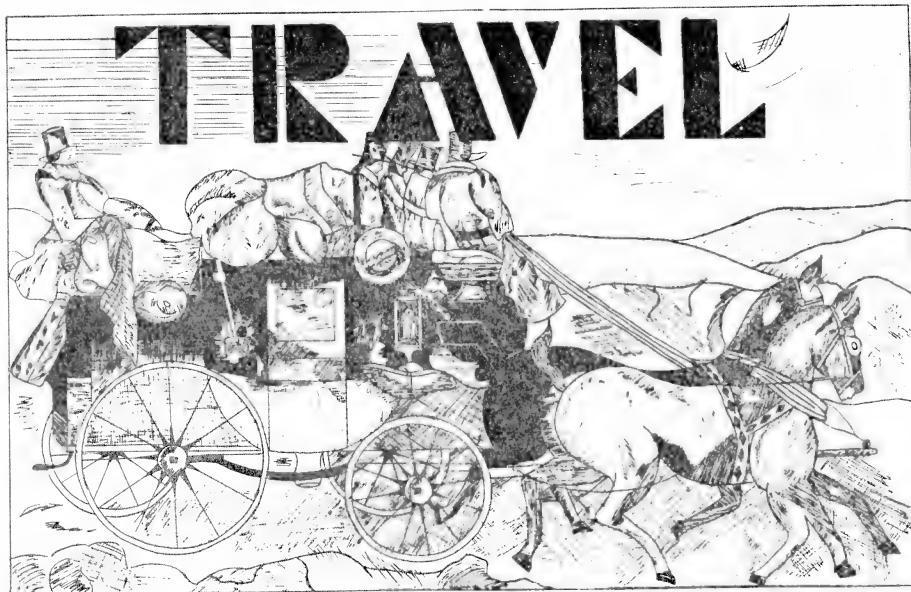
Nice night
In June
Stars shine,
Big moon.
In park
On bench
With girl
In clinch
Me smart
Me love
She coo
Like dove.
Me boy —
Me fast —
Never let
Chance pass ! !
Get hitched
Me say
She nod
O. K.
Wedding bells
Ring-ing
Honey moon
Everything
Little done
Married life —
Happy man
Happy wife.

'Nother night
In June
Stars shine,
Big moon
Ain't happy
No more,
Carry baby,
Walk floor;
Wife mad
She fuss
She make
Me cuss \$1/4? !
Life's one
Big spat
Nagging wife
Howling brat
RE-A-LIZE
At last
Me too —
Darn fast.

Little Bud let no grass grow under his feet. When Uncle Joe came for a visit, he immediately rushed up to him with: "Uncle, make a noise like a frog."
"Why?" asked the old man.
"Cause when I ask daddy for anything, he always says, 'wait until your uncle croaks'."

Two travellers returning home late at night lost their way. One inebriate said: "We're in a cemetery, here's a gravestone."
"Whose it is?" asked the other.
Striking a match, the more sober one replied, "I don't know, but he died at a good age—175."
"See who it is," said the other.
Another match was struck—"I don't know him, some chap called Miles from Sarnia."

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EDITOR — NELLIE THOMPSON

PANAMA CANAL

APPROACHING Panama from the breezy Carribean, one is struck by the sultry heat. From the time the ship picks up the pilot, at the entrance of the Bay of Limon, until it departs for the broad Pacific on the other side of the isthmus, the air seems bent on becoming hotter and more humid.

The Bay of Limon is sheltered by a breakwater of smooth stones, that seem to have been dropped in two tidy lines, by some gigantic child who has left his toy lighthouse perched on the end, to beacon in the ships.

Christobal and Colon, their names mean Christopher Columbus in Spanish, are twin cities. On one side of a street, lies the prim military Canal Zone port of Christobal, while on the other, sprawls the exotic, untidy Panamanian city of Colon.

The shops of Colon are filled, or rather used to be filled, with hidden treasures. There were Chinese shops where

you could buy hand-embroidered silks, printed silks, soft silks and stiff silks, in short, any kind of silk you could imagine. Against hot reds and cool blues, would be piled untidy heaps of jade jewellery; or banked beside dingy walls, you might find shiny brass tables and trays. The Hindu stores specialized in ivory ornaments, such as delicate rickshaws, and chunky ebony elephants, varying in size from two feet to one inch high. Colon also sold Irish linens and French perfumes like Coty and Chanel, at ridiculously low prices. The reason for this profusion of luxuries was the Christobal is a free port, hence no duty was charged on imports. Yet with all this opulence around, native Panamanians look longingly at the Canal Zone commissariat, or general store. It is run, at cost price exclusively for the use of employees of the of the American government. In here, is everything desirable to make life comfortable for the white man living in the

tropics.

The ship leaves the smelly wharves of Christobal at six in the morning, as passenger ships have precedence over all others for passage through the Canal. The pilot is aboard, and, from now on, the ship will be entirely in his hands, except when actually in the locks.

While the ship sails through the morning fog on the Bay of Limon, the guide tells the passengers some bare facts about the canal. Here they are. The canal runs from northwest to southwest, so that when on the Pacific side you are actually twenty miles east of Colon on the Atlantic shore. It is $40\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length with a minimum depth of 40 feet. An artificial lake $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, is 85 ft. above sea level, thus making it necessary to lift ships by means of locks.

Passing from the bay, the ship enters a long salt water channel through the swamps of Mindi. Everywhere there is a startling greenness. The place seethes with vigour and life. One has the feeling, that if man went away for only a few weeks, nature would cover up his work with its savage jungle. Someone describes Panama as a stifling greenhouse. I can think of no apter description.

Suddenly the locks are seen ahead. From the swamps they look like huge steps. It is always a beautiful and thrilling sight. Overhead the sky is bright blue; on both sides roll vivid jungle covered hills; while straight ahead are the three rigid, unmoved, red and yellow locks.

When the ship goes through the locks, its engines are completely stopped. It is then attached to six "mules". These "mules" are really small electric locomotives. Two are attached, by cables, to the middle of the ship and two are at the bow and stern. These locomotives act as tugs, and take the ship from one lock to the other. Most of you know how a lock works. The boat enters the lock and the gates are closed. Water is pumped in until the level of the water

in the first lock is equal to that in the second. The gates are then opened between them. The ship is towed into the next lock where the process is repeated. In this case, three locks are required to raise the ship up 85 feet to Gatun Lake.

Gatun Lake is the largest (artificial) lake ever created by man. It covers 163 square miles. Because of the loss of water when the locks are filled, and the excessive gain in the rainy season, the level of the lake is controlled by two dams. Gatun Dam is just to the left of the locks. It is so large that an eighteen hole golf course has been laid out on top of it. The other dam helps control the ravaging floods of the Upper Chagres, and to replenish the lake in the dry season. On the sides of the lake can be seen the tops of rotting trees that died when the valley was flooded. The few that are still living look like baskets of flowers floating on the glossy surface of the water. If you watch closely you may be lucky enough to see an alligator, but most of them avoid the track of the ocean liners.

Near the end of the lake is the island of Barro Colorado. Here scientists study tropical animal life and vegetation. Many cures for tropical diseases began in a tiny hut on this island.

Between Darien and Gumbeo where the Chagres River enters the lake, the banks close in the notorious Gaillard Cut. It is only $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long yet more trouble, money and lives were spent on it than on any other part of the canal. In the middle of the cut is a bronze plaque dedicated to the men who lost their lives in the many slides that occurred. The "Cut" looks like an over-grown ditch. Reddish clay walls overhang the muddy water. As the passenger looks up at the towering sides, it seems as though only a whisper will bring down tons of earth on this ship.

The descent begins at the Pedro Miguel locks. They let the ship down to picturesque Lake Miraflores, 54 feet above sea level. These locks are 1,000

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feet long and 110 feet wide. After crossing the mile wide lake, the ship comes to the Miraflores locks. They are exactly the same as the Pedro Miguel locks. They lower the ship to sea level. From them you can see the Pacific.

The rest of the trip is through a salt water channel to Balboa and Panama. The time taken to come through the canal is usually eight hours.

The fact that there is a canal at all, or a staff to operate it, is to the credit of the sanitary staff of the U.S. Medical Corps. They keep eternal vigilance against the malarial mosquito. Every puddle of water must be drained; those too large to drain are covered with oil to prevent the mosquito from breeding. All stray mosquitoes are reported to the sanitary corps. They rush out and catch them, no matter how much trouble it is. Only this constant care can prevent the spreading of malaria.

The canal is entirely American. It was built by America and now is controled and guarded by Americans. The canal zone, which is rented by the U.S. Government from the Republic of Panama, is

10 miles wide. Everything within it belongs to the United States. Houses are provided for the employees.

The Republic of Panama was formerly part of Colombia. Under American agitation, the isthmus set up its own government. Although Colombia strongly objected to this at the time, it was really a good thing. Had it been otherwise, the tail would have been wagging the dog. Panama is a republic with its own president, diplomatic corps and army. Its population is largely made up of primitive Indians living in dense jungles. The Spanish element is still large enough to maintain Spanish as the official language, even though most people living in Panama City and Colon can speak English. There are quite a few Orientals. They or their parents were brought over to help build the canal, but they soon learned that there was more profit in shop-keeping.

All in all, the Panama Canal is a monument to man's ingenuity. Here he has met adversities of nature and disease, yet triumphed over them.

—Nellie Thompson, 13-A.

NIAGARA

HAVE you ever been on the colourful tiny "Maid of the Mist" as it chugged its way through the churning green waters of the famous Niagara River? If so, it is an experience you shall never forget.

One often wonders how such a plain, fragile-appearing, tiny steamboat could so smoothly carry its twenty passengers safely beneath the very jaws of the mighty Falls. All passengers are gloomily clad in heavy, black raincoats, and helmets which allow only a space for the nose and eyes. Needless to say, however, without them one would be thoroughly soaked, as all about is a continuous heavy,

wet mist from the sprays of water formed by hitting the rocks below the Falls. The mist feels so cold and wet, on whatever part of your face is exposed, that it smarts and leaves you with a strong proud spirit. Above, torrential gallons of rushing blue-green water come pouring down over the Falls, and, at a first glance, it seems as though those rushing waters were about to envelop you in their cold clutches. But no! they break into thick, white spray and tear wildly over the rocks below with a deafening roar.

From the deck of the boat, the Horseshoe Falls is barely visible because of the excessive mist and spray formed in the hollow section of the horseshoe. Just in-

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side the Horseshoe Falls, the Maid of the Mist", which had been silently drifting through the swirling waters with its motors cut, is started chugging again, and the brave little vessel is turned about and headed north past the Falls once more. If your raincoat and helmet are not already dripping with water, they will most certainly get a good soaking this time. Back

at the dock, when you at last remove the heavy top garments, expecting yourself to appear like a drowned rat from your breathtaking experience, you find yourself, instead, very refreshed and glowing with wonderment.

Such are many of the beauty spots with which Canada is gifted and honoured.

—Marian R. Young, 12-A.

DOVER

DOVER is situated in Kent County, England, only seventy-six miles from London. It is a seaport on the English Channel, and is the nearest part of the British Isles to the Continent. In Dover are situated the Church of St. Mary, and Dover Castle, both of Roman origin. Its chief occupation is the manufacture of textile goods and shoes.

Dover was formerly known as the "Key to England", and how true it is. This war proved it thus, as Hitler and his staff have long gazed at the White Cliffs of Dover with but one thought.

A great percentage of the people on the American Continent knew little of Dover, in fact some never heard of it until the introduction of that popular war song "The White Cliffs of Dover." That song tells us the true spirit of the people of Dover.

The aforementioned song makes reference to the white cliffs of Dover. I wonder if that is all it conveys to most people, just chalk white cliffs, nothing more. No! no! they mean far more than just that. Let me explain. Take the Bomber striking out for Germany on a mission; what will the thought of that tail gunner be?

When he sees the White Cliffs of Dover slide behind him in his solitary post, a tear may be seen, trickling down his cheek. Those white cliffs will make him think of his dear ones and his own homeland, be it anywhere. Now consider what these same cliffs will mean to our pilots on their home run. They must mean more than mere words can express.

The mariners, who sail the channel, what do these cliffs portray to them? Those chalken images spell danger, and they are certainly not looked forward to, such as was the case of the pilot in the Bomber. Oh no, the mariner regards these cliffs as the "hot spot" of the channel. He knows he is approaching the narrowest part of the Channel, that he comes within range of the shore guns at Calais, and has the ever-present attention of enemy aircraft and E-boats.

What of the Doverites? Well, Dover belongs to them, and come what may, shell-fire or bombs, they are front line soldiers. Dover has, during this present conflict, most assuredly added many new pages to her already fascinating history.

—Bessie Watson 12B

4th Former: "Do you file your nails?"

Miss Walker: "No, I just throw them away after I cut them off."

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CASA LOMA

"REMINISCENT of the days when knights rode about on beautiful white chargers rescuing fair damsels in distress, Casa Loma's mediaeval turrets and battlements are emblematic of the most fantastic fairy tales."

Perched high on a hill overlooking Toronto is Casa Loma—the only castle of its kind in the western hemisphere. It was built by Sir Henry Pellatt, a distinguished Canadian, early in the twentieth century at a cost of over two million dollars.

Within the castle are ninety-eight rooms. Among the most beautiful are the drawing room and the palm room. Sir Henry had a huge private library which can accommodate one hundred thousand books. From his library is a secret staircase leading to the floor above. Also in his bedroom is a secret apanel, which when moved, exposes the place where Sir Henry kept his valuables. The huge banquet hall is indirectly lighted, and is supported by massive pillars of hand-carved imported woods. Six beautiful bronze doors open into the Conservatory, over which is a priceless stained glass dome. This was the fairy home of Sir

Henry and Lady Pellatt.

Through an underground tunnel, the stables are reached. The floors of the stables are of tile and all the stalls are constructed of mahogany with bronze fittings. North of the stables are the quarters for grooms, gardeners, and other servants.

A massive tower rises over eleven hundred feet into the air above the main entrance. Ascending a spiral staircase, a splendid bird's eye-view of Toronto and the surrounding district is seen. The skyscrapers of Toronto can be seen, and on a clear, bright day, tiny sail boats, and beyond them, tramp steamers can be seen plying through Lake Ontario. With binoculars, even Niagara Falls, and Brock's Monument may be seen.

Because of the heavy costs of operation, Casa Loma has been abandoned as living quarters. It is now operated extensively as a tourist attraction.

Such royalty as the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Connaught have been entertained there. To have a thrill only as you would expect to obtain in Europe, you need travel only two hundred miles to Toronto.

—Mary Jean Armstrong 12A

"HOLY GROUND"

ONE of the most beautiful spots in the Northland is the Cowley Father's monastery in Bracebridge. At the gate, we were met by a monk in a long black robe which had been carefully patched many times. He acted as a guide and showed us around the monastery. First, he showed us the main buildings.

The chapel was beautiful. It was situated on higher ground than the surrounding buildings. It looked very humble, as it stood somberly in the cool shade of the huge over-hanging trees. It

was all of stone, built by the monks themselves. Its windows were very high, and they seemed like long slits rising up to meet the roof. As the monk swung open the huge oak door, we stepped inside. The walls here were also of gray stone, but their drabness was offset by the strong glistening colors in the stained glass windows. The softly lit altar was ornamented with beautiful carvings and an exquisite hand-woven cloth. The brass ornaments also were made by the monks. The seats were very straight and hard, roughly fashioned from oak.

In the basement the monks had print-

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ing presses, with which they published an evangelical paper. Some of the monks who were artistic, made steel engravings for illustrations in the paper. Besides printing, the monks also wove cloth on huge, old-fashioned looms. They reached to the ceiling and were run by foot pedals. Another article of interest was the great vine-covered bell which summoned the monks to their meals, and to the chapel. They ate very simple meals,

and slept on hard wooden beds. With the money they received from the sight-seers they aided the poor.

The monks also have flower gardens and they always keep the grassy slopes well clipped. They live a simple and peaceful life of helping distressed mankind in such a cruel and barren land, and praising God's works. This is truly holy ground.

—John Macgillivray 12A

ALGONQUIN PARK

ABOUT thirty miles north-east of Huntsville you come to the Gates of Algonquin Park. You are requested to stop the car while they ask such particulars about your visit—how long you will stay in the park, your destination and your home address. When having passed through the gates you go up and down hills, around numerous curves, past small lakes and rivelets, small settlements centred around a store, and many tourist resorts. You arrive at your destination wherever it may be. It may be a landing where you leave your car in one section of a large garage. If you own a cottage or an island on one of the lakes, you will have a boat there and perhaps may have to travel ten or eleven miles by water. As you travel across these little lakes and rivers, you notice cottages spread here and there. Occasionally you

have to skirt a small island, which sometimes has a cottage on it, and other times is a haven for campers who are on canoe trips from one camp to another. The air is peaceful, broken only by the chattering of the birds and the slight bobbing noise of the boat on the water. Often a loon will come out of the water ahead of you, and with its crazy laugh dive into the water again. But suddenly, to shatter all peacefulness, the faint whistle of a four-car train is heard, and then seen rounding a curve. If you are an habitual visitor to the Park, you may know of places where the wild animals come down to the water. Often a deer or two may be seen after dark, and once in a while, a bear or a red fox. However, after a few days, the stillness and tranquility of the very air becomes monotonous and you may wish to go back to civilization again.

—H. Carmichael 12B

ICELAND

WITH American and Canadian soldiers on guard in Iceland—the land from which Lief Ericson is believed to have voyaged to America a thousand years ago—our interest is increased in this sea-washed country.

They call it Iceland, but it has rivers that never freeze. Because the Gulf

Stream bathes its shores, it is actually warmer than northern Italy. All tourists marvel at its hot springs. In soil, warmed by their water, tomato plants spring from seed to a height of five feet in a month. Also, there is one place where you can catch your fish in one stream, swing your pole, and cook it in another, without changing your seat.

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Exclusive of the English and American soldiers, Iceland has a population of about 125,000 people. Before the year 874, it had no population at all. Shortly after this, Norse princes and their followers fled to this small island rather than put up with tyrannical rule. Later, immigrants from Ireland and Scotland joined these pioneers.

In 1930, Iceland celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the founding of its parliaments, the Althing. A hundred years ago, the lawmakers, who met for meetings of the Althing, sat out in the open plain, outside the capital. Not only were the sessions of parliament held, but games and tests similar to the Olympic games were held there.

The people of this remote land had freedom in government years and years ago. Before the year 1000, they rejected the divine rule of kings and the infallibility of royal decrees. Also, about this same time, they turned to Christianity,

without suffering the persecutions which were common in European countries. Although Denmark is looked upon as the "mother country" of Iceland, it has had free chance to run its own affairs. Women received the right to vote before that privilege was widely known in Europe. They debate their differences openly and would not be at home where this freedom didn't exist.

At the time of the anniversary of the Althing, representatives from all the important European countries as well as those from Canada and the United States were present. The network of roads from Reykjavik, the capital, swarmed with American cars.

When you consider the record of these people for friendly relations, we can hope that soon the rest of the world will settle down to as peaceful and pleasant a state as little Iceland, the place in the remote Atlantic.

S. WALTER 13A.

A TRIP TO FENELON FALLS

FENELON Falls is a small town about the size of Petrolia. It is situated on the Sturgeon River about sixteen miles north of Lindsay. It is the only place in Ontario which supplies enough electricity for itself and the immediately surrounding locality, besides Niagara.

We arrived in Lindsay late in the evening and on the way over to Fenelon, nothing much was to be seen.

My brother lived on a place on the outskirts of the town, through which the Sturgeon River flows. Down this river Champlain paddled in a Huron war canoe on his way to Lake Oneida. The evening after we arrived, we rowed up the river into the lake and under the falls. It seemed as though we were following the same path Champlain did. We also rowed up as close as possible to the gates of the

lock, of the Trent Canal there. Later during the week, we saw a Corvette pass through the lock.

On Thanksgiving Day the weather was very warm. We went to Woodville early in the morning, and then over to the shores of Lake Simcoe. We followed the road which follows the old Champlain Trail, back to the High Bridge. This bridge is built of stone and is so high that the boats are able to pass under it. Lake Balsam is on the west side of it and when we visited it, the sun was just beginning to sink in the west. The blue lake was painted gold, pink and other beautiful shades by the sun's rays. Every few minutes a silvery trout would leap gracefully out of the water. All you could see was a flash of silver, a ripple, and then it was gone.

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Going home, we drove through the lake on a road built over the middle of it, with stones and covered with gravel. In spring it is usually impassible because of the ice and snow breaking up. We also visited the large estate of Lady Mackenzie. The fences and foundations of the buildings were built of stones which had been taken out of the earth in order that it might be farmed.

When passing through the countryside, practically the only trees to be seen were evergreen, birch and sumachs. The fields all have to be stoned, before they can be tilled, because of the stoney ground. No fruit trees grow except an occasional wild

apple tree along the roads.

The next day we visited the lift-locks at Kirkfield. They are the second highest in Ontario—only Peterborough's are higher. We climbed down inside the large iron cylinder which holds them up. The control tower also was inspected by us and we were able to take some pictures although a few weeks later, it was forbidden. We also visited Frances Schineis' stone quarry from where most of the crushed stone in Southern Ontario comes.

When I returned home that week, I brought back many happy memories of visit and many souvenirs.

—J. SEARSON, 10C

MEMORIES OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

These are some of my recollections of my childhood days in Czechoslovakia.

The schools are based on almost the same principles as in Canada. The children start at seven years of age and go to a kindergarten for three years. Then they go to Public School classes for five years. The Public School classes start at eight o'clock in the morning and last until noon when they are dismissed for dinner. The pupils return at one o'clock in the afternoon and stay until four. They do not go to school on Sunday but they go half a day on Wednesday and Saturday. The subjects are almost the same as we study here except that religion, and nothing else, is taught one day every week. The teachers are dressed in the English style and both sexes teach. The government tries to make children finish Public School. Some go to higher schools after they complete Public School.

My second recollection of Czechoslovakia is the Feast of Virgin Mary. On July the 2nd, there is a procession to a mountain in the town called Levoci to mark the place where somebody saw Virgin Mary about six hundred years ago. A big ceremony is held there and food is sold. The most famous of the food sold

there is the "medevnic", somewhat like cookies only they are much larger and are shaped into hearts or dolls and decorated in different colours. After the ceremony the people file back singing holy songs as they go.

A wedding in Czechoslovakia lasts much longer than one in Canada and is, on the whole, a gayer affair. The couple take a license three weeks before the wedding and the event is announced three times in church. At ten p.m. on Saturday the ushers invite the guests to the wedding. Sunday morning they are called to breakfast and after breakfast they all go to church. After church the people come for dinner. Later a gypsy orchestra plays for the young people until midnight. Then all go home and get up at five o'clock in the morning (Monday). The guests are called to breakfast by the ushers. When breakfast is over the bride-groom, ushers, and the gypsy orchestra go to the bride's home. They leave the bride's home and go to church where the marriage takes place. All go to the bride's home and eat until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Then they all go to the bride-groom's house in a procession which includes a man carrying a flag, two wit-

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nesses, the gypsy orchestra, bride-groom and ushers on horse back and last of all the bride, bridesmaid and the bride's belongings grouped together in a wagon drawn by four horses. When they reach the church they go around it three times and continue their way to the bride-groom's house. Here the groom takes the bride off the wagon and kisses her and takes her in to the house. All the rest follow and have supper. After supper is served the bride takes off her wedding clothes and is given a dress with a hoop-skirt and a hat, somewhat like a Dutch-cap, which all women wear who are married in Czecho-Slovakia. The party

dances until midnight, and the next day (Tuesday) they get up at six a.m. Breakfast is brought from the bride's home. Later they dance until noon when dinner is served. After dinner the couple go to the bride's home to say farewell to her parents. When they return it is time for supper and after supper is over the people all go home and the wedding has ended.

With the coming of Germans into Czecho-Slovakia all these great events have been stopped, and I hope that in the near future everything will go back to normal again.

—ANNE ORLOVSKY C 11B.

PROXY TRAVEL

When I have my house I will suit myself
And have what I'll call my "Condiment Shelf"
Filled with all manner of herbs and spice,
Curry and chutney for meats and rice,
Pots and bottles of extracts rare. . .
Onions and garlies will both be there. . .
And soyo and saffron and savory-goo
And stuff that I'll buy from an old Hindu.
Ginger and syrup in quaint stone jars,
Almonds and figs in tinselled bars,
Astrakhan caviar, highly prized,
Citron and orange peel crystallized,
Anchovy paste and poha jam,
Basil and chili and marjoram,
Pickles and cheeses from every land
And flavours that come from Samarkland.
And, hung with a string on a handy hook,
Will be a dog-eared, well-thumbed book
That is pasted full of recipes
From France and Spain and the Caribbees,
Roots and leaves and herbs to use
For curious soups and odd ragouts.

WHEN I heard this poem recited over the radio sometime ago, my feet immediately became unbearably "itchy" and I longed to set off at once for distant countries. After a little discussion, however, my mother finally persuaded me that I was rather young to tour the world alone and she also stressed the fact that one does not walk to the Far

East—it would take money, and plenty of it, to "go places and do things".

For a time I was miserable, but, finally, common sense came to the rescue and I decided that although I could not at once see the world I would learn a great deal about its enchantments from the experiences of others. Hence, I became acquainted with the artist, actor,

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poet and vagabond, Don Blanding, whose extract from his "Vagabond House" has so moved me. From then on I was thrilled with strange and enticing odours of tropical blooms and savory foreign dishes. I basked under southern moons, and stole glimpses of bazaars, Chinese shops, and deep sea curiosities. It was interesting to note that the book has something of the rhythm of Service and the masculine strength of Kipling.

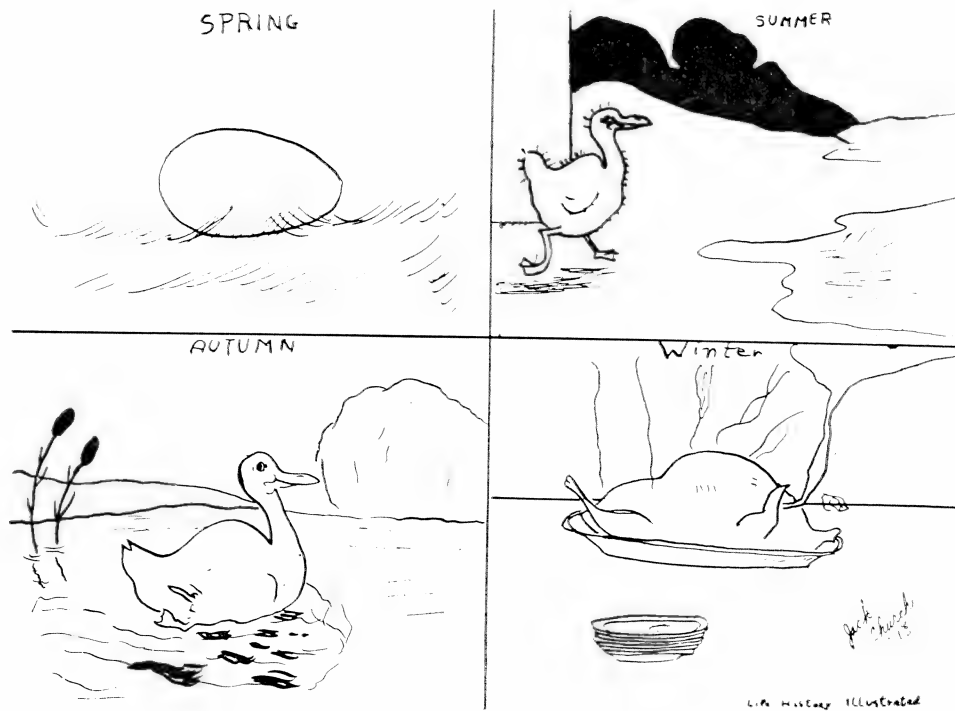
When one of my friends went to Honolulu on her wedding trip and brought back a grass skirt and other souvenirs of the islands. I discovered, I too could enjoy the boom of distant surf of black lava sands, palm trees swaying in fragrant sea breezes, native girls dancing the hula, the charm of the tropic days and nights, and countless other exotic pictures of romantic and colourful Hawaii. "Hula

Moons", has been described as the most animated and honest presentation of these magic isles since Mark Twain.

Other books by the same author are: "Song of the Seven Senses", including "Farewell to Vagabond's House" and "Let us Dream". No doubt there are many other works by Blanding. I must write his publishers and ask.

For a time, I have neglected my travel, but with Spring coming so close these days I may suddenly develop an urge to "go, go away from here" and I know no easier and speedier way than to follow my favourite poet to Norway, Tequicarpa, Zambaonga or Zanibar. Perhaps, he will go to Java, or set out for Central America. Wherever it be, I shall revel in it to the very utmost and best of it all, the travelling expenses will be very light.

—EILEEN IDEN



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GEOGRAPHY CLUB

Front Row—Left to right: G. O'Dell J. Sanders, R. A. Bond, D. Dunsieith, D. Black.
Back Row—Left to right: E. Kuosmanen, A. Gordon, M. Borthwick and J. Rosebush.

THE GEOGRAPHY CLUB

The Geography Club of the S.C.I. was formed last October and meetings have been held every three weeks. At these meetings were shown films of current interest. Some which have been shown are Atlantic Patrol, Heroes of the Atlantic, Africa, the East Indies, and a series of films on War Events since 1939. These films were witnessed by many members, most of whom are Grade 9 students, al-

though any student may attend. This year there have been no addresses made to the class by members of the Teaching Staff, as has been the custom in former years. The president of the club this year is Aileen Gordon, and the secretary is Margaret Borthwick. The school congratulates the Geography Club, and wishes it still greater success in the future.

ALUMNI

EDITORS — MARJORIE SHANNON AND JEAN CAPES

WE have endeavoured to give you in this section the names of students who have graduated from or left the senior forms. If any names have been omitted we hope that you will pardon our oversight.

George Cruickshank, University of Western Ontario

Neil Dickson, Queen's University

Dorothy Finch, University of Toronto

Robert Galpin, University of Toronto

Percy Gladdy, Queen's University

Mary Jones, University of Western Ontario

Calvin Kennedy, University of Western Ontario

Mack McClure, University of Western Ontario

Robert Meckin, University of Toronto

James Nesbit, Queen's University

Catherine Weir, University of Toronto

Roger Butler, University of London, London, England

Gertrude Brown, Sarnia General Hospital

Margaret Grant, Sarnia General Hospital

Lois Bass, Sarnia General Hospital

Ina Rose, Toronto General Hospital

Barbara Lott, Victoria Hospital, London

Ruth Jarvis, St. Joseph's, London

Edythe Williams, St. Joseph's, London

Gladys James, St. Joseph's, Chatham

Dorothy Miller, Stratford General

Laurine Wright, Stratford General

Mary Lou McGibbon, Alma College

Charlotte Dyke, Alma College

Doug. Gray, Ridley College

Timothy Tozer, Cambridge University

Robert Tezer, Sharon School, England

SARNIA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Alice Clark, June Carson, Florence Cooke, Beatrice Brims, Hilda Hardwick, Margarette Hollingsworth, Helen Laidlaw, Miriam Noble, Jeanie Archer.

IMPERIAL OIL

James Hunt, Virginia Lang, Denice MacDonald, Robert Rhind, William Stockall, Margaret Waldeck, Lois Mackenzie, Alan Keat.

ST. CLAIR PROCESSING

Annie Korbelt, Elsie Finley, Dora MacKenzie, June Venton

POLYMER

Harold Post, Audrey Benson, Virginia Elliott.

CANADIAN SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Hazel Brock, William Lusk, Pauline Galloway, Betty Schram

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE

Betty MacDonald, James Ross, Marguerite Payne, Winnifred Cunningham.

Robert Jacks, Detroit Wayne University
Elizabeth Burrige, Tillsonburg

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Doris Jarvis, London Normal
 Shirley Taylor, Wilkesport
 Lucille King, London
 Joan John, Warwick Aircraft Office,
 London, Eng.
 Elain McPhee, Runnymede Collegite,
 Toronto
 Anna Mae Brain, Office, Sarnia Colle-
 giate
 Barbara Jennings, Working in Port
 Huron
 Wilma MacDonald, Canadian Observer
 Joyce Taylor, Kent's Shoe Store
 David McRitchie, Calgary
 Vivian Creamer, Grunte's Beauty Shoppe
 Gordon Hope, England
 Lois West, Bank of Toronto
 Phyllis Pepper, Silverwoods
 Margaret Buchanan, Bank of Toronto
 Helen Hicks, Silverwoods
 Betty White, Walker Brothers'
 Vivian Rumohr, Woolworths', Port
 Huron
 Betty Jean Elliot, Ellnor Insurance Co.
 Marian Sleeth, Zellers'
 Audrey Robertson, Frontier Printing
 Arthur Spears, General Electric, Peter-
 borough
 Sylvester Stone, Detroit
 Dorothy Campbell, Piggott's—St Joseph's
 Hospital
 Isabelle Gillis, Logan & Logan
 Myrla McDougall, Taylor's Law Office
 Augustine Palmer, Registry Office
 Donna Sumner, County Building—Regis-
 try Office
 Mary Stuart, Lambton Loan
 Jean Forbes, Agnew Surpass
 Aileen Ross, Tamblyn's

Wesley Morford, Ford Trade School,
 Windsor
 Gerald Dayman, Kilbreaths
 Lola Smith, Beuhler's
 Ethel Bright, Toro Finance and Army
 Ruth Brown, Sarnia Canadian Observer
 Zena Elliot, Grant Jewellery Store
 Betty Giffels, Shaws Construction
 Florence Armstrong, Miller's Jewellery
 Store
 Madeline Nichols, Port Huron (married)
 Robert Hitchcock, Campbell Finance
 Bernice Ireson, Industrial Acceptance Co.
 Evelyn Baxter, (married) Sarnia

ARMY

Sarah Saunders CWAC., Stanley Tose,
 Jack Sloan, Art Brown, Mitchell Kes-
 kanek, Daniel Brown, Walter Billick,
 Jack Gladwish, Steve Rausa, Doug Baird,
 Terrence Haney, Neil Craig, Robert Cole,
 Arthur Foreman, Ian Grant, Donald
 Knowles, Norris MacDonald, Lloyd Pass-
 ingham, Robert Thorn, Roy Welsh, Wil-
 liam Phillips, Norman Anderson.

NAVY

Joe Wellington, U.S. Navy, Stewart
 Duncan, Herbert Massey, Marjorie Em-
 mett (W.R.E.N.S.), Neil Bolton, Wil-
 liam Abbott, Tom Sinclair, Kenneth Pal-
 mer, Donald Watson.

R.C.A.F.

Jack Leckie, Thomas Moore, George
 Murray.

AT HOME

Belle Matheson, Jacklin Henry, Mil-
 dred Davison, John Durley, William
 Lusk.

Don MacF.: You hardly
 speak to me anymore. I was
 your heart's delight, wasn't I?
 Edra: Yes, de light that fail-
 ed.

* * *

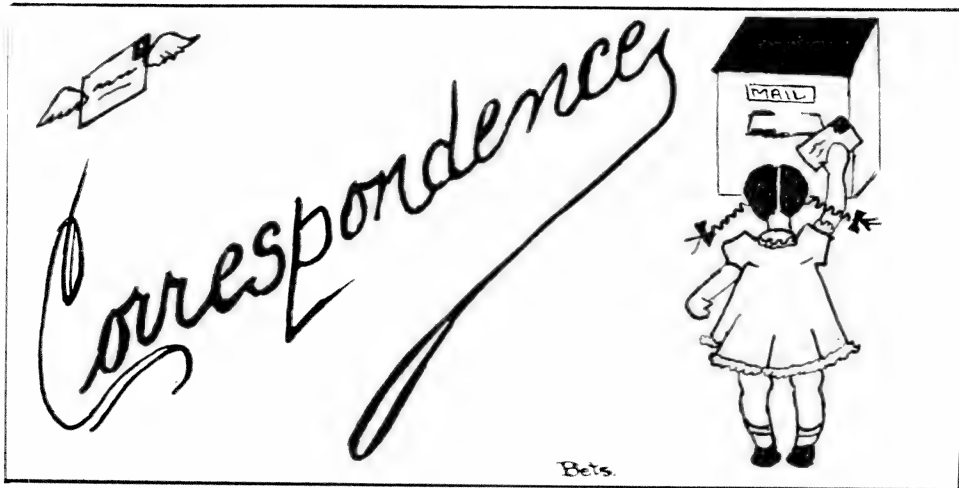
I've got a hotel heart—al-
 ways room for one more.



Brunton (after Mr. Dennis
 had explained work three
 times): Sir, explain that again
 please?

Mr. Dennis: But Brunton,
 I've done it three times al-
 ready.

Brunton: Well, I just want
 to see if you can remember.



OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR — EDRA WOOLEY

FROM LIEUT. JAMES CARR

While Stationed In England

July 27 '44.

These English trains are quite the McCoy. They look like street cars or something and you never have to step down to get out—down steps anyway. The tracks are all countersunk and you just step onto the platform and you've had it. But the service is really good! There are few places trains go through, that they don't run every hour, or more often. And in London, the tube is really something. You can get on the thing anywhere, besides it being the best shelter you can find.

Aug. 3 '44.

This life isn't half bad. However, I'll never be happier, probably, than the day that I find myself on some ship and on the way back to Canada and the Mrs.—so there. England's O.K. for the Englishmen, I suppose, but not for me. I just can't understand half the things people do here. The more you see, the more funny things you find. No doubt a good many of their ideas would do us some good but there certainly are more the other way around. And now that

I've seen a good bit of England and can't seem to find a way into France by hook or by crook, I'd like to go back to Canada, after seeing Scotland now, while the heather's in bloom. Probably it'd be better in a month anyway, Loch Lomond, etc. — then Canada to stay!

June 19/44.

Well, I just came in from seeing one of the old faithful Spitfires, that are constantly around, pick one of these pilotless, jet, or rocket things, that Jerry has been sending over, out of the sky very nicely. That's the seventh one I've seen them take out now so I wonder how many they've got altogether. They're quite a thing, according to Jerry, but, from what I've seen, they're not so hot really. These Spits and Typhoons, and other very fast fighters of ours, are picking them off all the time when they do come. They like to get them over the sea so they don't come down in populated areas, or blow 'em up in the sky—just as good. Last night, one, in particular, blew right behind us here about 2,000 feet up. We watched it come in—the old flare of light easily seen. A.A. fire was stopped to give the fighters a break. Then a Spit, light on, came barging in and you could see

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him closing up till he was only about 300 yards away. Then he let it go and "whumpf!"—he had it, and the place took a few healthy shakes. Friend Spits did a Victory roll and beat it off to continue his patrol so unconcerned. He was lucky, or so it seemed, not to come down, too. The blast's not exactly small and boy, he was close! But he just flipped over on a very sharp bank—you could see him against the flak—and drove on. Jerry's reports on the efficiency of these things are something to listen to, but not believe, as far as I can make out. He's got half of the more important places in England in a shamble according to him—but

you've had our version. They appear to be nuisance things, and an attempt at morale cracking. However, he can't do it, no matter what he's got to send over. These people took it during the blitz times, and now, when they have things looking so rosy in France and in Italy—nearly everywhere—they'll never in my time, at least shemboozle or war, have them so blue and hard up as they were then. Can't be done—a Limy, as the boys call 'em, just isn't built that way. So much for these queer, so-called "secret weapons" of Jerry's. They're not doing much—yet anyway—and I can't see that they will.

Dear Jean:

You asked me to tell you about England—well its not half as nice as Canada of course—but I am happy here. First I'll tell you about Warwick — first its very old—dates back to when the Romans were here and before—its a pretty old place too, ever so many hills and nice houses. At the top of the Priory Hill stands St. Mary's Church, which is beautiful; you can see the tower of it from anywhere in Warwick, and it stands out so nobly against the blue sky (when the sky is blue). At night in the moonlight it makes an even more lovely picture.

There is a castle in Warwick, one of the first castles which has been kept in good repair—up until this war the Earl of Warwick was living in it but now the government uses it for offices—the public aren't allowed inside it any more, but they are allowed in the grounds. There is a long drive up to the castle with stone walls on either side—solid stone walls as though the road had been cut right out of stone. The grounds are vast with little woods and paths and lovely gardens. There is one garden called the Italian Garden with roses and shrubs all cut into shapes of animals—it must be heavenly when the flowers are out. Pea-

cocks—about 20, I guess—wander around it all the time.

There is one thing called "The Warwick Vase"—it was made in Ancient Greece and then the Romans had it and then Hadrian (remember Miss Harris) brought it to England and here it is at Warwick. Its a big thing about 8 ft. high and 5 ft. in diameter. When I looked in the place where it's kept, first thing I saw was a big iron bar—being me I thought it was the famous Warwick Vase!! Then I saw this big beautiful white thing and realized my mistake. The vase has the head of Bacchus (god of wine) carved on it 7 times, the 8th carving of Bacchus was changed by one Earl of Warwick to the face of Lady Hamilton, with whom the latter was in love. I thought that was quite interesting, don't you?

King Alfred's mother, Ethelfleda, is supposed to be buried in the grounds, and where she is buried is call "Ethelfleda's Mound". It is really quite huge; you climb up to the top, going up a path which twists around it, and from the top there is a lovely view for miles around, in which the Avon appears.

Stratford is the prettiest place imaginable. The Avon runs through it, there

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are swans there. I'll bet it is beautiful in summer because it's so nice even in November.

Being Shakespeare's birth place, there are all sorts of statues of him and his famous characters around the place. Near the river is a sort of park of 4 statues—Shakespeare, Hamlet, Falstaff and Lady Macbeth.

There are ever so many Canadian air-men in Stratford, and last summer they took old Lady Macbeth off her pedestal and dumped her in the river to give her a bath—took her out again and painted her toes and fingernails red, then placed her back on her pedestal. I'll bet Shakespeare is groaning in his grave.

JOAN JOHN.

(My cousin, Sgt. T. Friedman is stationed in Rio De Janiero and in my last letters I asked him to write some descriptive material suitable for the magazine. He obliged with the following.)

Dear Bernice,

Where you evr got the impression that I possess reportorial abilities is beyond me, but I shall try to give you my impressions of Rio.

Rio, the capital of Brazil, and the second largest city in South America, has been described as the most beautiful city in the world. Certainly that description hardly does it pustice. My first view of Rio was from the air, and must say, it is breathtaking. The various landmarks stand out as you approach the city; the Sugar Loaf, Corcovado, Copocabana, Gavea Bay, oh, innumerable others. It is a constant source of amazement that nature stored so many wonders in one place.

Rio too, is the center of Brazilian culture. It is a city of gayety and laughter, of sorrow and heartbreak. With its teeming millions, broad streets and magnificent buildings, its cobblestoned alleys and miserable little hovels, its riches and splendor, its poverty and squalor, it may be described as a city of contrasts. The contrast between the old and the new, the rich and the poor, the shining lustre and the filth, is tremendous.

To the traveller, who sees only its beauty, Rio presents its gay side. The

luxury of the best hotels, the wide avenues and well-kept public squares, the beautiful casinos, the beaches, the shops and cafes, the gayety and joy of the samba, the magnificent apartment buildings, serve only as a front for the real Rio. Behind this mask of luxury it hidden a poor and horribly overcrowded city. In its miserable sections, which serve as residences for most of the two and a half million people, its inadequate water supply, poor sanitary system, its slums, its filth and disease, lies the real Rio. In this, it is very similar to most other large cities in the world.

The citizen of Rio, the Carioca, as he is called, is a most interesting individual. He is friendly, hospitable and kind. At the same time, he, too, is a marked contrast. He makes a very good friend, and a dangerous enemy. He would gladly share everything he has, little as it may be, but if his ire is incurred, he is sure to take vengeance. In my opinion, with his bold swagger and his showiness, the Carioca is a likeable chap. I find the Brazilian easy to get along with and most friendly.

Social life here has its contrasts too. There is a very distinct line of demarcation between classes. One thing which struck me as unusual until I learned more about it, was the almost complete absence of the middle class, as we in the States and you in Canada know of it. Here for the main part, there are only two classes, the rich and the poor, with

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a very few in-between. The people either reside in their magnificent houses or apartments, in the city, Flamengo, Copocabana, Spanema, Tijuca, (these are sections of Rio) or in their old, pitiable little homes.

The upper class is prosperous, gay, and wellfed. The lower class is poor, gay and under-fed. Their gayety they have in common. It is expressed in dances, such as the samba, the music, the festivals and

carnivals. In both classes the people are very religious. Rio is full of Churches, magnificent structures, most of them, and like all Latin-American countries, Catholic.

Well, I'd best call a halt to this, before I become too involved. I hope this information will clarify Rio for you.

Your cousin,

Leo.

Dear Edra:

Last Saturday, Mum, Dad and I went to Stratford-on-Avon to see the play "Claudia." It was ever so funny. After the play, we went to the Swan's Nest Hotel for dinner—it's a lovely little hotel and the proprietress has a great, huge Dalmation dog, which is white with black spots, and it fascinates me. It's a one woman dog and follows her every place.

There's a large R.C.A.F. training place near Stratford and heaps of officers come to the Swan's Nest and to go there, well, for me it's just like going home, for they're just dozens of Canadians there—beautiful, big, gum-chewing, fine-shooting, crazy, wonderful Canadians—how I love them, so much more than English ones. They're so different too, you can pick them out before you see the Canada on their arms. They're so sort of boastful, not exactly that, more self-confident I guess I mean, and they're such fun.

I expect we'll have some real old grouches over this country, but in spite of it all, you've sure got to hand it to the English for the way they've taken all the hardships that have been thrust upon them because of the war—honest, we just haven't got any conception in Canada what they've put up with and still are over here—I've crossed the Atlantic six times and all I want now is a one way ticket back home again. Every single day I long more and more for Canada.

At the Swan's Nest one Canadian came up to me and said, "I hope you don't mind us remarking on your Canadian accent, but it sure is music to our ears, so just keep talking," and boy, their's sure is to me, too!

We went to an old house where friends of Mum's and Dad's live—"The Fields." The house is old as anything—dates back to 1000—imagine! It has the caves where monks lived and their chapel and all. It is a huge house and has a moat around it, and lovely gardens. It's called "Guy's Cliff."

On Thursday morning we left for London, arriving at Waterloo about 4:00, very tired and hungry. We then had to cross London to Paddington, to get to Hinchley Wood which is about 12 miles from Paddington. Well, when we arrived at Paddington it was announced trains were not running to Hinchley Wood, as the line near H. W. had been hit by a bomb that very day and trains had stopped. For a few minutes, Mum and I didn't know just what to do—I had visions of H.W. being bombed and Mrs. Ambrose, with whom we were going to stay, not even being there. We took the train as far as it could go and then got a bus from Surbiton.

London is shocking—it just made me want to cry. Almost every house has felt the brunt of bombs; some are ruins; others partly smashed—hardly any glass windows—only sort of white material—

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and these people go on living their lives working in these terrible, terrible conditions. In these houses we passed, ever and ever so many, often there'd be a few flowers in a tiny little garden or some washing on the line—it does make me feel so humble when I think we in Canada haven't gone without anything and these people have to do without so much—London used to be so very beautiful.

What impressed me more than anything was when we got to Surbiton, we had to line up for a bus to H.W. In the line were people who work in London but live in the suburbs. These men

work all day and then come home—they don't know how they'll get there, they don't even know if their homes are still there, and they have to wait in line in the cold and rain, and yet they were as quiet, as easy as tho' it were a perfectly nice and natural thing to do. I suppose that's why we didn't lose this war years ago—because these people were brave and kept at their work. For all the English are criticized, you have to hand it to them for their behaviour in these past few years.

Love Always,

Joan.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Jim McKegney formerly of this school, now in R.C.A. M.C.

February 19, 1945.

Holland is the scene of my carryings on at present. It's a nice modern country, which, in many ways can show Canada how a life should be lived. Of course, there is very little food, but the Hollanders are very kind to us, and somehow manage to have a cup of tea or coffee for us. They keep their houses and themselves very clean and neat, in spite of the lack of soap and the means of heating water. When we first arrived, they had electricity for two hours a day for one 60 watt bulb, no gas, no coal, very little bread, and just a meagre supply of the essential food-stuffs. Things are better now, and everyone is almost contented. They have been through a bit of an ordeal in the past few months, and are just beginning to get back to normal.

I was in Normandy for some time, and saw a few of the sights, including a replica of the Bayeux tapestry, which I saw in the cathedral in that city. The cathedral is the only good part of the Bayeux, which is a scuffy town, smelly and rather unpleasant. You will forgive

me for remarking that the girls there were much better dressed than the English, and altogether much smarter-looking. But then, why not? They had no clothes rationing, and lived the life of Riley, under the German occupation.

Normandy is rather like Ontario, as far as scenery is concerned. It seemed very open and spacious, after little England, but it isn't so beautiful, to my mind at least as any part of the United Kingdom. The homes are like those in Ireland; plain, stone structures which never seem to warm up. The people haven't missed a good meal since the war began, except for a few of them in the neighbourhood of Caen and Lisieux.

Its rather amazing, in Caen, to see half the town, absolutely in ruins, while right next to the worst destruction, the cathedral which stands absolutely unscratched. I regret that I caught only a glimpse of Amiens cathedral, which, I believe, is one of the finest in Europe.

The highlights of my stay in Europe, so far, have been two forty-eight leaves—one in Paris and the other in Deauville. Paris was the better of the two, but Deauville was very interesting. Paris! What a place! Its just as beautiful, even in winter, and they say it is, and the best-

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planned city I have ever seen. We're all hoping to get back there in the finer weather, so that we can say that we've seen "Paris in the Spring." Forty-eight hours, even at full speed, did not give us nearly enough time to see the city. We could have done with as many days, but, unfortunately, the general wanted us back in rather a hurry. I visited Montmartre, and the famous clip-joint, the "Moulin Rouge." During the war, at least, its not nearly what its cracked up to be, the only fancy thing about it being the prices—100francs for a glass of champagne, plus 25 francs for the leering buccaneers of a "garçon." Among the other sights, was the "Casino de Paris," which is said to be a first cousin to the "Folies Bergeres," and is a very good show. Of course, its purely for out-of-towners but some of the numbers (I am not referring to the smooth numbers in the chorus!) would bear seeing many times. I heard some most beautiful

French folk songs, and realized for the first time, what a feeble effort our so-called Canadian ballads are. The French songs were remarkably sweet and lovely, and were, in my opinion, the best part of the show. It would be nice to get recording of them later on.

Of course, I saw the more highly-publicised sights, such as the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, Les Invalides, the Louvre of Notre Dame. They were all far beyond my powers of description. It seemed to me, though, that they were the sort of things that would look *well* in Paris, and nowhere else Les Invalides, for instance with all the gold ornamentation on the dome, would look vulgar in London, but seems (or is it seem) to fit quite naturally into the scheme of things in Paris. The Eiffel Tower is rather overwhelming. I hadn't realized how huge it was. A block wide at the base! I couldn't have featured it if I hadn't seen it.

June 6, 1944.

HAPPY "D" DAY GANG

Boy, there's some excitement in this country, today. People have ben waiting for this day for so long, they don't know whether to laugh or cry or just go to Church. Anyway, most everyone is quite excited. I really don't know just what to think. It makes things look much better, although the boys in there no doubt are having quite a time. I'm wishing them all luck and plenty of it. It'd probably have given a good many people an awful shock if they saw the number of planes that were on their way to Jerry yesterday and in wee hours of this morning. We've seen some pretty good bunches go but (period). For weeks, weeks and more weeks this old island has been nothing but a huge arsenal waiting for the day for someone to come out to say that a big invasion is lauched somewhere

or other. You were saying you'd not heard from me for a spell. Now, no doubt, you know the reason why but they'll be a-coming now.

I doubt if I'll ever forget this day supposing I live to be a hundred. In four days it'll be four years since they've cleared out of France and, if things go as we expect and hope, in the same length of time—four days—Jerry'll wonder if the world is coming to an end or if he's having hallucinations. That may sound like over-optimism or something but really, it's grim the stuff that they're pouring on that place. This appears to be the fourth anniversary of Jerry's push in France back in '40 and he's getting plenty of fireworks to remember it by. It was June when he hit Russia, too, so it all goes in one big welcome or anniversary present.

The Collegiate

55 Kensington Avenue,
Petone,
Wellington, N. Z.
28th July, 1945.

Dear June:

I received your letter today much to my surprise as I didn't expect one for quite a while. I don't know whether I told you before but my girl friend at Tec is a Canadian. She came from Calgary, Alberta, and she has been out here five years. We play basketball and hockey at school and I play hockey. I am in the C. Team and play anywhere in the half-backs. On Wednesday afternoons last period we have house matches and I play right half. Our house hockey team has won every game (so far). In the Saturday matches we play outside teams such as Ford Motors, Training College, Varsity. We have won three games and lost five. Basketball and hockey are our winter games and tennis and cricket, or we can go swimming. The boys play baseball.

We have just finished our exams and I think I came sixth in our class of 21. In three weeks we have three weeks holiday starting on 18th of August. We have two weeks holidays in May, seven weeks at Christmas.

On 30th September, we are having our annual school concert. This year we are having it in the Wellington Town Hall and we are singing a six part song and several four and three part songs. Our school has quite a name for our orchestra of about 200 choirs. It is past mid-winter but it is quite cold, of course it's not nearly as cold as Canada but we think it has been quite cold all the same.

I like music very much and have been learning eight weeks tonight. I have finished the first book, learned two pieces of music and just got another new book last Tuesday night.

Nita my sister has just finished making a dusky rose pink woollen dress for me; she makes nearly all my clothes. I have a new pair of tan wedgies, a pair of stockings, and Nita made me a pair of Brown Woollen gloves. I go to Bible Class every Sunday morning at 10.30, and once a month we have Guide and Boy Scout parade. *Last Sunday I was allowed to carry the flag, as I had never been with our patrol since they are all a lot shorter than me. I think it is the first time an ordinary guide has ever carried the flag in Church. Could you please explain what grade 9 is, as we don't have that out here. I am in C.A.; that is, first year Commercial.

Do you like cats and dogs? We have a cat "Tiger" but we can't have a dog as Mum said there is not enough room in the town to keep one and we haven't a very big backyard and we have all of it in garden. I like the names of your goldfish. "Tiger" is quite an expert jumper. Bert used to teach him and keep him well trained. I can't say whether I like goldfish or not as I have never had anything to do with them but I can't imagine them as being very playful pets. If we had any, "Tiger" would make short work of them when he got the chance. Well I don't think there is any more news so I will close now hoping to hear from you again in a short while.

Yours sincerely,

Dulcie Gledhill.

P.S. I am enclosing a snapshot I had taken about two months ago. Bert has been promoted to a flight Sergeant. Will you number your letters? Do you like going to the pictures? Who are your favourite film stars.

D. Gledhill.

P.S.S. Nita recently became engaged to a very nice N.Z. sailor.

Salesman: "Is your mother engaged?"
Bill Charlick: "I think she's married."

The Collegiate

L.A.C. Cares, G. E.
Bournemouth, England.
January 21, 1945

Dear Bea:

This is my first letter to you. I have not received any mail from you or Mother since I left Sarnia. When it does come I don't know where I will be able to pack it for it will probably fill my kit bag.

We were at Liverpool one day and then sent to where I am now in the south. I find it very cold here. Bournemouth is a huge summer resort near the Isle of Wight. The scenery and place are the nicest you will find anywhere. It is a reception centre for us and they certainly treat you fine. We have been here for four days now and today is the last one. Tomorrow we have to get up at six o'clock and go to London. It is headquarters for the band, and we will be posted from there.

I am in the fourteen piece dance band and have a fine issue trumpet—the one I had in Ottawa. Besides this dance band there are four other bands and twelve replacements. The No. 2 R.C. A.F. band is here at Bournemouth and I know a lot of the fellows.

Yesterday I met Bob Thompson at the post office. We talked for half an hour. I had to play last night so I couldn't

see him but may have a chance sometime again. I ate supper in the mess hall last night with Bill Burleigh. He and Bob are the only two fellows from home, but I have met many boys I knew in Newfoundland.

We came over on the Mauretania, the fifth largest British ship. It wasn't as bad as going to Newfoundland. We slept in hammocks and it was very cold. The dance band played two shows each day and many other performers took part to make up a programme. The dance band is very fine and I hope we all stay together but as yet we are not sure just where everyone is going.

I am in the K. of C. hut here. It is a very nice place and you can even get coca-cola but in different bottles. You won't have to send me any chocolate bars as we get coupons and are allowed two bars each week. We also get soap coupons and may have Palmolive and washing soap.

I hope you receive the cards I am sending by ordinary mail. I sure will be glad to hear from you but am afraid it may take another week before our mail reaches us. My address is just R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Love
Eugene.

The following is a section from one of David Asbury's letters.

Sat. Jan. 20, 1945
R.H.L.I., C.A.O.

"Enjoyed my 24 hour pass. It was an opportunity to get a good hot bath and have a night's sleep in a hotel bed. The meals were good too, although our meals in the Company have been excellent all along. Went to a dance in the evening and enjoyed myself very much. Some

of the Dutch girls are surprisingly good dancers, although mighty few of them were around when good looks were given out. I got quite a kick dancing with one big stolid-looking girl who had a tendency to start jitter-bugging every time the music pepped up. Some Americans who had been billeted in the area earlier had shown her the rudiments and it was quite a serious business as far as she was concerned."

The Collegiate

From Dave Asbury to John Newton
Mon. 18 Dec. 44.

Dear John:

Moved up to Holland from Belgium about a month ago, and since joining the R.H.L.I. have been in and out again. At present we are resting. We are billeted in a small town, a few men to each family, and like our set-up very much. The Dutch people here are very hospitable and friendly and have taken our boys right into their home-life. After slit-trenches, this sort of treatment, plus a good soft bed, is pretty swell.

So far, the fighting here has been no tougher than Italy and certainly the weather and living conditions aren't as bad. However, the front has been pretty quiet on the Canadian sector, during the last couple of months, so maybe we are in for a little tougher work one of these days.

Find myself managing the soccer team—which I am told has 11 men. Hope to know more about soccer before we finish our games in the Bde, grouping being run this week. Since the R.H.L.I. had a good team in England and their is an N.C.O. soccer player who has always acted as coach, all I have to do is make arrangements for games, so our chances of winning aren't as bad as you might

have at first judged.

Last night a few German bombers staged quite a spectacular raid on a nearby military objective. They came in separately on hit-and-run attacks from different directions and gave our searchlights and tracer ack-ack quite a time. It was quite exciting to watch, as they were very low. We were supposed to have got five, although I only saw one come down in flames, while I was watching. During the daylight yesterday there were a few dog-fights over our town also. Our fighters got three ME 109's. We watched one Jerry bail out just overhead. He came down in a Dutch farmyard not far away, and was promptly nabbed by the Dutch homeguard.

Tonight we are having fried egg sandwiches. This afternoon we got a dozen eggs in the country for a couple cakes of soap and some chocolate bars. Cigarettes are also good barter, a 100 cigs. for a dozen eggs, at present. Just as in Italy, the two barterers have to keep pretty careful check on socks, battle dress and blankets, etc.—as they are also being traded for chickens and eggs.

So long for the present.

Your pal,

Dave.

Elbeuf the 16th of November.

Dear Barbara:

There is such a long time I haven't written to you that I feel as if I were writing to someone I do not know. Please excuse my mistakes, but I didn't write a letter in English since four years, and I forgot a lot during those years. It is better now because I can practise with the allied soldiers.

Mother is still at Port-Jerome, but father was arrested on the tenth of June and is now in Germany. One of my brothers is a boarder in Paris, and I am a boarder in a family at Elbeuf. I go to College, (first year). Our school is an old castle because the real school was

burned in 1940. At the school there is a beautiful garden with old trees in it, one of them is more than a century old.

I take up Mathematics (algebra and geometry) physics and Chemistry; French, English and German Literature, Geography and History and gymnastics, as you can see, I have lots of work, and at the end of the year, I have a very hard examination to pass.

I don't like the town of Ebeuf because it rains practically every day, and because it has little narrow streets with pavements and old gray houses where the sun never goes in; and, as it never snows, there is no ice-skating, so I can only go roller-skating.

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I am very glad to see the Allied soldiers all around. In Elbeuf there are a few Americans; some of them are very nice, and I go out with them once in a while; sometimes to the English theatre, and sometimes to the American movie and dance. But I can't go out very often on account of my homework.

I must close my letter now because its tea-time, and I am very hungry.

Your friend,

Jacky.

The above letter is from an American girl whom I used to know in France, and lived through the German occupation.

From L.A.C. Nick Colotelo
R.A.F. Station, Reykjavik,
British Troops in Iceland.

July 22, 1944

Dear Mom:

Here it is Saturday night again, and also a letter before I hit the hay. Nothing much has happened this week except that I went on a trip on Thursday and had a wonderful time. Here is the trip. Early Thursday morning we made up a very nice bunch and headed for the R.A.F. bus which was taking us. It was a very hot day, too. We took the highway and saw some very beautiful mountain scenery. Before dinner, we got to the hot springs. The water comes out of the ground very hot; we saw a lady take a pot out of a hole in the ground, where she was cooking some grub.

There is a swimming pool there; the water is very warm as it comes from the springs. I was in for about an hour.

We had dinner beside a small river and then went to see the geyser. To arouse it, the driver dropped a cake of soap down the hole; soap is the only thing that will start it. The hot water shot out of the hole and up into the air about 50 feet. It sure was something to see.

We then went to see a big power station which was made by the Germans. It supplies Reykjavik with electricity. Then we travelled to another place, but

there wasn't much to see there. We got back about 7 o'clock. I really was tired but it was worth it.

I went swimming in the fjord today. The water was really warm. I also got a good sunburn.

You asked me what they grow here. Well, as far as I know, they grow a lot of spuds and tomatoes, only in green houses. They do a lot of fishing, the fish being dried and ground into fertilizer. We tried to grow flowers but they don't grow fast enough.

I guess by the time you get this letter you will have read all about the R.C.A.F. officer who received the Victoria Cross lately. The first ever to be awarded in the R.C.A.F. He was pilot of one of the ships of our squadron. There are over a dozen of our fellows decorated during the short time we have been here, which is a good show.

The victory bond drive has been on and I bought two. Our squadron's objective was \$50,000 but we bought over \$100,000, which gave us 200 per cent. We will get the pennant again, I guess. This is a fairly good place to save money.

I sure would like to see the main street in Sarnia, tonight, with all the lights on again.

Well, I must close for now and the best of luck to everyone at home.

Nick.

Dick: "Say Cookie, I think a wheel is coming off."

Florence: "O.K. with me Dick, I'm kinda tired of that 'outa gas' gag myself."

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July 8, 1944.

Dear Edra:

I am in New Guinea. It is very muddy here, rains most of the time, and if it doesn't rain, it is very hot. This is winter—I'm wondering what summer will be like. Hope the war is over by that time!

This is the best place I have been yet in New Guinea. I am stationed in the Naval Supplies Department. This is made up of food supplies and machinery, in lots of warehouses. From here I have supplies to the ships. Sometimes I take my truck to the dock or aboard a landing barge to be unloaded to the ship. As I said, it is fun. I meet lots of people, eat aboard ships if I can't make it back to base for chow, and see lots of different things. This place is very large—can go for miles around, but there are no cities.

Sometimes I feel as though I were in the army rather than the navy, with all this mud. We live in a tent, four men in each, and sleep on cots. The tents are about a hundred feet from the ocean. There are a few ships in the bay. We can

ball, football and horse-shoe.

There are lots of natives here. The women wear only grass skirts. They like us Americans lots better than the Japs. The natives work for the Army, and Navy—anyway, some of them do. There are a few Australian Army and Navy here. They have broad English accents—it is hard to understand them.

I forgot to tell you more about the natives. When I talk to them, I talk like a baby might. For instance, "Me go far way. You no like to eat candy." We use lots of gesturing. When I talk about myself, I point to myself and say, "Me"; point to him and say, "You". If they they can't understand, they say, "Me no savvy."

The natives build all the churches out of trees and make grass roofs. They are very beautiful.

This is Sunday, so I will go to church as usual. The time is nine hours faster than yours, so back where you are, it is still Saturday.
JACK.

He was teaching her arithmetic,
He said it was his mission.
He pressed a kiss upon her lips,
And said, "Now that's addition."
And as he added kiss by kiss,
And gave no satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back,
And said, "Now that's subtraction."
And as he added kiss by kiss
And gave no explanation
They both looked up and sweetly said,
"That is multiplication."
Then dad appeared upon the scene
And gave a quick division,
He kicked the Tutor down the stairs
And yelled,
"THAT'S LONG DIVISION."

Fifth Former: "How old do you think I am?"

Friend: "Oh! about seventeen."

Fifth Former: "How did you guess?"

Friend: "I didn't. I just counted the rings under your eyes."

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DEBATING CLUB

The activities of the debating club this season covered subjects from the sublime to the ridiculous. It functioned very successfully under the watchful eye and helpful guidance of Mr. Watson. Its officers were: Pat Hartley, president, and Mary Jamieson, vice-president.

One very interesting subject debated was: Whether our school should hold a formal graduation instead of Commencement Exercises. We believe that the strong arguments put forward by the Affirmative, did in some small way, bring about our Graduation Exercises this year. On the lighter side, a few amusing subjects were debated. In one—the debate

to decide whether our school should choose a "Cover Girl" for the magazine; there were even spectators standing in the hall! Another highly humorous subject was: "Resolved that the modern girl does not make a good housewife." These debates aroused a great deal of good-natured rivalry among the students.

Our programme for the year was indeed adequate, inasmuch as it covered very current subjects. We do wish to thank Mr. Watson for his kind assistance and good council, and all the others who have helped make this year such a great success in the annals of the Debating Club.



DEBATING CLUB

Front Row—Left to right: C. Smith, B. Parker, N. LeSueur, S. Shanks, Mr. Watson, J. Capes, N. Thompson, D. Zierler.
Back Row—Left to right: D. Smith, B. Brims, M. Jamieson, M. Cohen, J. Dauphinee, L. Short, P. Hartley (President), D. Shanks, M. Pembleton, A. Gordon.

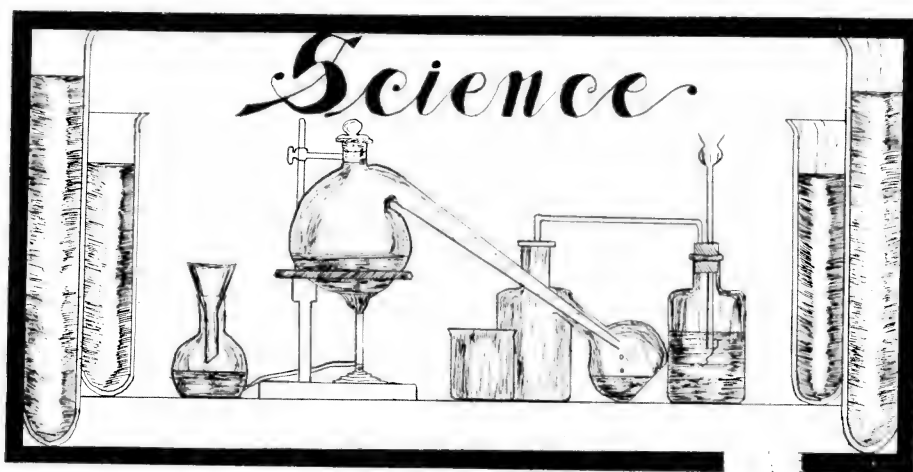
The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you; but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock.

* * * *

Moore: "Do you want me to call you a taxi?"

Rene: "Yes."

Wes: "You're a taxi."



EDITORS—BRUCE SELMAN AND JACK DORSAY

ARALAC

MANY people are now wearing clothes made from skimmed milk, although they probably do not know it. This new textile, Aralac, is the product of many years of scientific research in the laboratories of many nations. It is the latest addition to the family of synthetic fibres. Rayon, a plant fibre, is the vegetable member of the family. Glass textiles are mineral. Aralac is the first animal member of the synthetic textile family.

It is elastic, soft, warm and resembles wool very much. When it is burned it leaves a large cinder like wool; cotton burns to a fine ash. Although only in commercial production since 1940, it is used extensively to stretch the supply of wartime wool and other animal hair in making hats. It is also used as a blending fibre in making coats, hats and dresses.

The Aralac industry will never suffer from lack of raw materials. In the U.S. from dairy industry alone, more than fifty billion pounds of skimmed milk are yielded in a year after the butter fats are taken away. Only a small percentage of this output is used for food or in the manufacture of paints, glues and

plastics. These industrial products and Aralac are made from casein, which is one of the solids that settle to the bottom in a bottle of sour milk.

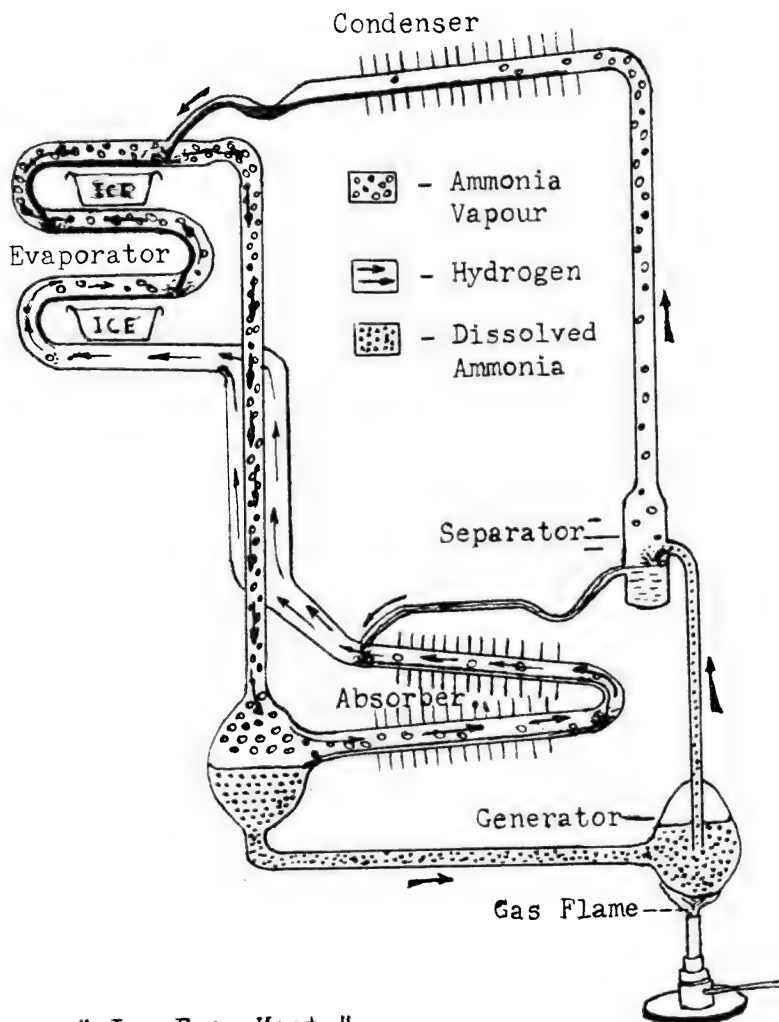
To make Aralac, the casein is extracted chemically from fresh skimmed milk and undergoes various chemical treatments. Then it is piped to the acid baths where thousands of Aralac fibres are extruded from tiny holes in spinnerets under the surface of the acid. These spinnerets are round and flat—rather like the tops on lawn sprinklers. The acid bath coagulates the casein, converting it from a viscous liquid to fibre.

The tiny threads of ribbons are continuously reeled out of the acid bath. These tows may be draw out any length from half an inch to half a mile. This is an advantage Aralac has over natural wool fibre, which is only as long as the sheep can grow it. The tows are put through a hardening bath and then washed. After the final drying, the fibres are cut into suitable lengths for the textile, into which they are to be woven.

This is indeed a marvellous discovery, and without doubt will lead the way to further progress in the field of textiles.

Elaine Gray 12-B

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" Ice From Heat "
The Gas Refrigerator.

Don Shanks, 13-A.

ICE FROM HEAT

EVERYONE has heard of the GAS refrigerator that uses a flame to freeze water into ice. Perhaps many of you have imagined that it is a very complicated machine that performs this miracle, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it.

You all know that a drop of alcohol poured on the back of your hand makes your hand feel cold. Ammonia also acts this way. The reason your hand is cold

is that the alcohol or ammonia evaporates very rapidly, absorbing the heat from the surrounding air. This fact is made use of in the gas refrigerator. A gas which is lighter than air will cause more rapid evaporation of the ammonia than will air. Therefore, in the refrigerator, hydrogen is used instead of air.

The freezing system is made up of several sealed pipes and tubes. An aqua-ammonia solution is entered into the sys-

tem pressure; then the hydrogen is put under pressure. The pressure facilitates and hastens the condensation of the ammonia vapour in the condenser. The main elements forming the freezing system are, Generator, Separator, Condenser, Evaporator, and Absorber.

At the generator, a gas flame drives the ammonia solution to the separator, where the ammonia vapour is released. Just as steam is driven off the top of a coffee percolator, and the water drips back down through the coffee grounds, so the ammonia vapour is driven off and the almost clear water runs down into the separator bowl.

The ammonia vapour is forced up to the condenser, where the vapour is liquefied by air-cooling. The condenser is equipped with fins for this purpose.

The liquid ammonia then flows into the evaporator, where it is met by an upward flow of hydrogen. The lesser ammonia vapour pressure results in the evaporation of the ammonia and the absorption of heat, which cools the enclos-

ed space.

The cool, heavy gas mixture, of hydrogen and the now revapourized ammonia, passes downward to the absorber. Here the ammonia gas is absorbed by the water, which has run down from the separator bowl, and the insoluble hydrogen rises from the absorber back on another trip to the evaporator. In the absorber, the water from the separator is now strengthened again with the very soluble ammonia vapour, which it dissolved from the hydrogen ammonia mixture. This solution flows from the absorber to the generator where it starts out again over the same route.

This type of refrigerator was the brilliant discovery of two Swedish students—Carl Munters and Baltzar von Platen. Today, millions of satisfied users testify to the value of the simplicity, silence, permanence, and efficiency of this refrigerator and to the merit of the extraordinary achievement of the student inventors.

—DON SHANKS, 13-A.

RADAR

EVERYONE has, without doubt, heard of that comparatively new miracle of electric and electronic engineering called "Radar". For a long time, secrecy surrounded this new weapon and information received about it was practically nil. In fact, most people could not understand how it was that the British were always ready with their small force of fighters whenever the Germans came over to blitz London and other British cities in England's darkest hour.

However, Radar, which means radio detecting and ranging—is not as "new" as one might think. According to information received in a United States Army-Navy release (June, 1943) the general principle of the device was discovered in 1922. It was found that the passing of an object between a radio transmitter and receiver caused considerable interference in the reception of the signals.

Accordingly a transmitter was set up on the bank of a river, and a receiver on the opposite bank. The interference caused by the boats passing up and down was carefully studied. Another experiment was carried out by putting a receiver in a truck, and it was noted that whenever the truck passed large buildings interference was caused.

So far, in its experimental stage, Radar was limited because the object to be detected must pass between the transmitter and the receiver. This might do to detect ships passing in and out of a harbour mouth, but was this invention profitable when its use was so limited? The answer came in 1925 when it was found that the ultra-high frequencies used, would deflect back from a surface they hit. This made it possible for both the transmitter and receiver to be at the same point, for the waves would "bounce" back from the detected object. The detecting of planes

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flying overhead was accomplished in 1930 and by 1934 a satisfactory means of measuring the distance between the transmitter and target was developed.

Radar is largely made possible by the electron tube. By it, the ultra-high frequency waves can be focussed and scan the air and sea. Since their speed is constant (186,000 miles per second) the small space required for such signals to travel to, and reflect from, the target can be measured and thus the distance of the object from the transmitter can be calculated. Another merit of this great invention is the fact that it travels through fog, rain storms, or darkness as well as

clear skies and is therefore far superior to both telescopes and acoustic listening devices.

Thus you can see that such apparatus is invaluable to both offensive and defensive battles, whether in the air or on the sea, for it can pierce any type of weather and give the position (bearing), range (distance) and the speed of the enemy aircraft or ships. For security reasons, further information has not, and will not, be released by the allied governments until they are convinced that the enemy already has the information from other sources.

—ELGIN THOMPSON 12A.

PLASTIC SURGERY

"WE regret to inform you that your son, Cpl. Roberts, J. A., has been seriously wounded in action in France." Such a telegram arriving at our home would make us shudder, as we think of the forms that injury might take. If he is badly burned, will he ever be as handsome as he was? If he has had flesh torn from his body by bullets or shrapnel, will it leave ugly scars? If he has had bones broken or shattered will he ever be able to walk or work?

We are all inclined to under-estimate the wonderful, yes, miraculous progress of medical science. As soon as incendiary and highly explosive ammunitions were invented, our medical research laboratories began to work to find helps and cures for the damage they would cause to the human bodies. Work at this was speeded up at the outbreak of this war, to help save the lives of our noble boys who fight for home and country.

Doctors had seen that parts of living flesh could grow together, and began work on that idea. If flesh was damaged by burns in one place, couldn't a graft be made from another part of the same body to replace that damaged flesh? Doctors worked with the idea until it was accomplished and was no longer a question.

They have even developed the idea more, so that skin and flesh can be grafted twice; for example, a piece of flesh can be grafted from the thigh to the hand and from the hand to the head.

"What if a bone was shattered, too?" Would he have to be disfigured because of that? Doctors think of all that, as they have thought out solutions for many problems. They have found that living cells of bone can live transplanted, also. After working on that for some time, they found that a piece of a bone could be taken from any part of the body and be transplanted to another part.

In Christie Street Hospital in Toronto, many of these miracles of surgery are carried out on our returned wounded. A doctor, there, specializing in plastic surgery, has saved the appearance of many boys.

One boy there, had been severely burned from the waist up, and even more severely about the head. At Christie Street he has undergone a series of operations with their tedious waits, and now has fresh skin and flesh to replace the scarred flesh, has new eyebrows, and is now growing new ears. He is very pleased and hopes to be completely like himself soon.

In the same hospital, is another boy

who had his right jaw-bone shattered by shrapnel. Bone has been transplanted from his leg to his jaw and is now held in place by a form, to heal. Then new skin will be grafted over his new jaw. He, too, looks forward to health and handsomeness.

There are countless others there, too,

with a great variety of wounds. This famous doctor and his assistants are slowly and carefully restoring their features, limbs or bodies, once shattered by the horrors of war.

These facts all go to show the miracles now wrought by medical science and deep thought.

—D. CARR, 13-A.

SCIENCE THE TIME SAVER

FROM earliest times, man has been engaged, in addition to earning a living, in finding ways and means of decreasing the necessary amount of manual labour required in this noble pursuit. As one age succeeded another he learned to use more brain-power and less man-power. In the present day, the ability to use science as a time-saver has become a science in itself.

In prehistoric eras, every operation or construction that man performed, was laborious and crude. These people had only simple tools such as the lever and the axe; however, they accomplished unbelievable feats by man-power alone. A modern example of achievement without equipment is the building of the Burma Road and great airfields by the Chinese people, who are, of necessity, rugged and persevering.

As ages went by, the western civilizations began to realize that easier methods of performing formerly difficult tasks, could be found. Man began to spend long hours in research, and even to devote his life to finding these methods. Now, by merely pushing a button, we can ring a door-bell, change a radio station, touch off a tremendous explosion, or set huge machines in motion. Thus far has man advanced; how much farther he will go, time alone will tell.

Modern scientific conveniences cover a great range of territory. Of great importance in the every-day life of the family are the innumerable gadgets and appliances that help to make life comfort-

able. The greatest number of these seem to be electrical, for here the scientist gets a chance to produce time savers of great variety. In industry, too, of modern

times, science provides the greatest economy of time. Each era has provided new and easier methods of production, culminating in a peak of modern efficiency.

One of the greatest examples of scientific methods saving a great deal of time, is the advent of mechanized farm machinery. This field, so essential to human existence, has, through the ages, offered great opportunity to the fertile brains of men. Now, tractors, combines and rubber-tired vehicles, make the farmer's life easier and his time more valuable.

Chemistry has played a large part in our development to a high-g geared civilization. In recent years, this science has made great strides. From a mist of vague ideas and principles has come a concrete series of facts that forms the basis of many articles used in this modern world. No longer is chemistry a myth or a toy: it is a mighty weapon and utensil in the hands of the people today. They are wielding it, as such, in practically every known industry, where it is proving economical, not only in time, but financially.

In the development of our great country, also, science has saved many hours and much labour. In making roads, railways, canals, and even cities, in developing mines, forests, and other natural resources, mechanical equipment and engineering skill have come to the fore. In

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sanitation, medicine, and hygiene, science has paved the way for better health, and fewer lost man hours.

Thus, in the past, science has proved itself indispensable to the welfare of

mankind. As for the future—it offers a field of glowing opportunity, with an objective of aiding humanity and saving still more time.

Bruce Selman 13-A

CHEMISTRY LECTURES

THE upper school chemistry students have been very fortunate during the past few months. Some of the city's leading chemists have given lectures on various topics of great interest. Each was given at the school, after hours on Mondays.

The first was given by Mr. Davidson, production manager of the Dominion Salt Company. His topic was "Production and Uses of Salt." Mr. H. R. Holland, of the Imperial Oil, gave the next lecture on "Petroleum Refining." The following Monday, Mr. L. F. Whitfield, chief chemist of the St. Clair Processing Company, lectured on "Chemical Derivatives of Petroleum." "Synthetic Rubber" was the interesting topic handled very

skilfully by Mr. R. D. Hill of the Canadian Synthetic Rubber Company. Mr. G. Hooker, a graduate of Purdue and Chicago Universities, next lectured on "Plastics." Mr. W. Milholland, of the Holmes Foundry, arranged to have the pupils see for themselves how chemistry plays a part of their industry. On May the fourteenth, the final lecture was given by Mr. Mueller, another well-known local chemist, on "Research."

The students greatly appreciated these lessons, as was seen by the excellent attendance and attention. They greatly aided the pupils with their term work, and let's hope this may be continued each year.





Honour Roll



EDITOR—NANCY LESUEUR

*"Tis not in vain you paid so great a price!
God make us worthy of your splendid sacrifice."*

P.O.	Aiken, Douglas	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Leading Coder	Anderson, Eiler	R.C.A.F.	Missing
P.O.	Anderson, William J.	R.C.N.	Missing
*Pte.	Andrew, George	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.O.	Andrew, Wm. C.	B.C.T.C.	
	Atyeo, Gene	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
*L. Cpl.	Banks, Keith	R.C.A.	
F.S.	Bannister, Lorne	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
Sgt.	Barr, Joseph	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
Coder	Bell, Joe	R.C.N.	Missing
*Pte.	Berger, Max	R.C.A.S.C.	
Lieut.	Boody, Gordon	R.C.A.	P. O. W.
F.O.	Borchardt, Hugo	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.S.	Brakeman, Clemence	R.C.A.F.	
*A.S.	Brown, Paul A.	R.C.N.	
Spr.	Brown, T. W. Albert	R.C.E.	Missing
F.S.	Burke, David	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Bdr.	Burr, Kenneth	R.C.A.	
Sgt.	Cameron, William	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Bdr.	Carlton, Wm. F.	R.C.A.	
*Sgt.	Carr, Stuart A.	R.C.A.F.	
P.O.	Clark, Ross	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Sgt.	Clarke, John C.	R.C.E.	
*F.S.	Clarke, Wm.	R.C.A.F.	
*Cpl.	Conway, A. Edward	R.C.A.	
Spr.	Date, John L.	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
*P.O.	Daws, Fred	R.C.A.F.	
Lance Bdr.	Demeray, Norris Allen	R.C.E.	Missing
Lieut.	Doherty, Thomas	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
*P.O.	Dowding, Jack	R.C.A.F.	
*Sgt.	Drinkwater, John William	R.C.A.F.	
Spr.	Dunn, Douglas Albert	R.C.E.	Missing
*P.O.	Elliott, Ralph Leslie	R.C.A.F.	
Sgt.	Elliott, Thomas Harold	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	Esselment, Jack	R.C.A.	
*Pte.	Esser, George	R.C.A.	
*P.O.	Farner, Hugo	R.C.A.F.	
*Cpl.	Ferguson, Lorne	R.C.O.C.	
*F.S.	Fordyce, Gordon William	R.C.A.F.	
*Sgt. Fl. Engineer	Foster, Charles	R.C.A.F.	
Fl. Lieut.	Fowle, John	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.S.	Galloway, Lloyd	R.C.A.F.	
*Sgt. W.A.G.	Gammon, Rex	R.C.A.F.	
Sgt. Pilot	Gammon, William	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Sgt.	Gander, Arthur	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.S.	Glass, William	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.L.	Goring, Lyle	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Cpl.	Graham, John H.	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
F.S.	Graham, Lloyd Thomas	R.C.A.F.	Missing

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Sgt. Pilot	Fiallam, Jack N.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Cpl.	Hamilton, Thomas	R.C.A.	
Sgt.	Hammett, Bob	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
*Sgt. Pilot	Harris, Jack M.	R.C.A.F.	
F.L.	Harris, Victor	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Spr.	Hewitt, John	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
F.O.	Hossie, Leonard	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
Lieut.	Hueston, Arthur	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
*W.O.	Jamieson, Roland	R.C.N.	
F.O.	Johnston, Jay S.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	Jolly, Russell E.	R.C.A.	
*Spr.	Jones, Glyn	R.C.E.	
F.O.	Kee, Ross	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	Kelly, Gerald R.	R.C.A.	
*P.O.	Knowles, George William	R.C.A.F.	
*F.O.	Leckie, John Lyle	R.C.A.F.	
P.O.	Lee, Tom	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*A.S.	Legarrie, Hector	R.C.N.	
Sgt.	Lochhead, Robert	R.C.A.F.	Missing
P.O.	Lucas, W. Eldon	R.C.N.	Missing
*Sgt. Pilot	MacGregor, Donald C.	R.C.A.F.	
*Tpr.	McClure, Don	R.C.A.	
*Pte.	McClure, James	R.C.A.	
A.C.2	McFadyen, Gilbert	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Sgt.	McKeown, Victor	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	McLaughlin, Patirck	R.C.A.	
F.O.	Marsh, Robert	R.C.A.F.	Missing
	Martindale, Omar	R.C.N.	Missing
*L.A.C.	Meere, Leonard	R.C.A.F.	
F.S.	Mellon, Ralph J.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.O.	Mendizabal, Rodolfo	R.C.A.F.	
Sgt.	Miller, David Douglas	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	Mills, Thomas Gordon	R.C.A.	
*Sgt. Pilot	Misener, Paul	R.C.A.F.	
*F.O.	Morris, Paul	R.C.A.F.	
F.O.	Morrissey, F. Irving	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
F.O.	Murray, Jack	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
*P.O.	Myles, Edwin Robert	R.C.A.F.	
W.O.	Nash, Charles Arthur	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Pte.	Neal, Don.	R.C.A.	
F.S.	O'Connor, Barry	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.O.	Oliver, W. Jack	R.C.A.F.	
*F.S.	Quinn, James E.	R.C.A.F.	
Pte.	Palmer, Ed. W.	R.C.A.	P. O. W.
F.O.	Parsons, Ted.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.O.	Pole, Douglas	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.O.	Pole, Ross	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*A.S.	Powell, Bruce	R.C.N.	
F.S.	Powell, T. Edward	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.O.	Ramsay, Melvin	R.C.A.F.	
*Major	Ramsay, Robert	R.C.A.	
*Sgt.	Richards, Charles V.	R.C.E.	
Cpl.	Sadoquis, George S.	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
Air Gunner	Scharf, Beverley Wayne	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
*	Schildknecht, Arnold	R.C.N.	
Spr.	Scriver, Frank	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
*W.O.	Shanks, James	R.C.A.F.	
F.O.	Smith, Gordon	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*Lieut.	Stokes, Sam	R.C.A.	
*F.S.	Stone, Geoffrey	R.C.A.F.	
S.L.	Stronach, James	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*	Sutherland, Les	R.C.A.F.	

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F.S.	Teskey, Stanley J.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.O.	Thain, Claire	R.C.A.F.	Missing
F.O.	Thain, Jack	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Sgt.	Thompson, Cameron	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*F.S.	Thompson, Fraser	R.C.A.F.	
*Cpl.	Vokes, Myles K.	R.C.A.	
Spr.	Ward, Grenville	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
P.O.	Watson, David E.	R.C.A.F.	P. O. W.
Lieut.	Watson, Neil	R.C.E.	P. O. W.
Pte.	White, Leonard J.	R.C.A.	Missing
*Pte.	Williams, Floyd	R.C.A.	
*Lance Cpl.	Williams, William Patrick	R.C.A.	
Lieut.	Wilson, Richard	R.C.A.	Missing
Sgt.	Wise, Fred	R.C.A.F.	Missing
*P.O.	Wright, James	R.C.A.F.	
*Lieut.	Wright, John D.	R.C.E.	
*Sgt.	Yorke, Jack D.	R.C.A.F.	
F.O.	Zierler, Isaac B.	R.C.A.F.	Missing
Cpl.	Zink, Robert	R.C.A.	P. O. W.

We sincerely regret any errors or omissions in the above Honour Roll. It will be appreciated if we are notified, giving as much detail regarding the omitted name as possible.

Since this Honour Roll was compiled, we are glad to report that the following boys, listed as Prisoners of War, have been liberated: F.O. Bannister, W.O. Gammon, W.O. Murray, Spr. Scriver, Cpl. Zink, Cpl. Graham, Lieut. Hueston, Pte. Palmer, Sgt. Hammett, Air Gunner Scharf, Lieut. Watson.

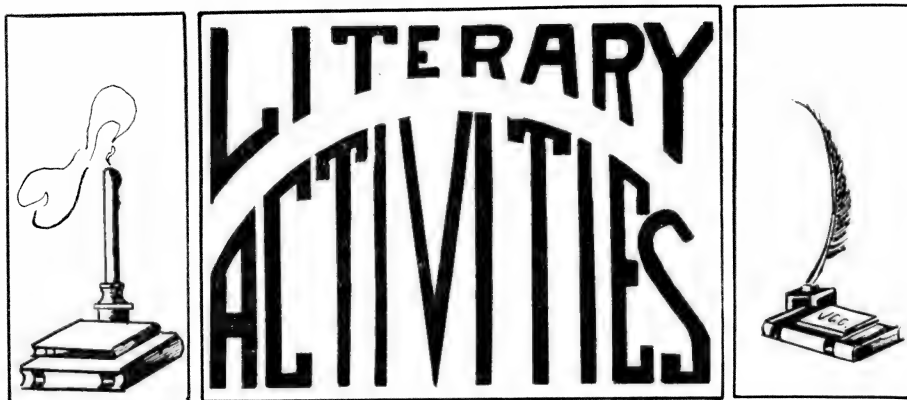
* Killed in Action.

LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

This may work in 1948 — Girls!

My dear and most respected sir,
I send you this, my love, to stir:
I've come to you, before the rest,
And hope that you'll grant my request.
Your hand and heart I'll ask to-day,
So let me know without delay.
But if your hand does not incline,
In wedlock clasp to join with mine,
Then please The Leap Year Law obey.
And send me fifty dollars, pray.
And send me, besides, a handsome dress;
Now, you may think this letter funny,
But I must have the man or money.
Please let me love you till I die—
And send me back a nice reply.
If you should think that I'm a dandy
Just shoot it thru to my address,
But if for me there is no hope
Express me back six yards of rope,
With lots of love and kegs of kisses,
From one who wants to be your Mrs. . . .

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EDITORS—PATRICIA HARTLEY AND BERNICE FRIEDMAN

STUDENT'S COUNCIL

In the 1942 Collegiate appeared this complaint: "The thing uppermost in a great many student's minds is 'Why haven't we got a Student's Council?' As each succeeding generation comes along it placidly asks itself this question, yet nobody seems to have done anything about it." This year the students did do something about it, and the Student's Council of the S.C.I. has been firmly planted in the field of traditions surrounding the school.

As the 1943-44 term was drawing to a close a meeting was held of all students who were interested in a Student's Council. This meeting was an experiment upon the outcome of which, the long-debated question of a Student's Council pended. The students supported their cause with an excellent attendance. Eager questions and helpful suggestions brought forth a proposal that the following term should see the inauguration of the Student's Council.

In the fall, after the school had settled back to its regular routine, an election of representatives for the Council took place. There was a ballot election throughout the five grades, each grade electing four members, with the exception of grade twelve, who elected six

representatives. Along with a representative from the technical department, and one from the Boy's Athletic Association, these formed the body of the Council.

An election within the newly formed Council produced the following executive: chairman, Lloyd Dennis; vice-chairman, Stanley Walter; secretary, Catharine Overholt; staff advisor, Mr. Langan; (technical representative, J. D. MacIntyre;) and representative of the Boy's Athletic Association, Ralph Dailey. Committees for the War Effort, Honour Roll, Social Functions, Student Discipline and Assembly Procedure were formed. The chairman of these committees were respectively, Pat Norseworthy, Nancy LeSueur, Fred Dagg, Frances Whitnell, Bruce Selman, and Margaret Parker. These committees have been hard at work, and their efforts have produced results.

The work of the Honour Roll committee, under Nancy LeSueur, has been one of the most important accomplishments of the Student's Council. With the help and co-operation of the student body, information concerning the numerous servicemen and servicewomen, formerly of this school, has been gathered. The Honour Roll section, elsewhere in the magazine, is the result of careful arrangement,

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and has lifted that burden from the list of tasks the office staff must perform.

The Student's Council, after much deliberation, set our war savings stamp quota at \$6,600. To ensure the fulfillment of the quota, the Council has sponsored basketball games, with war savings stamps as the cost of admission, and has encouraged purchases throughout the school.

A leap year sweater hop was sponsored by the Council in the early part of the year. The annual At Home, another Council undertaking, was a great success, as were the Commencement exercises which preceded the dance. Those committees merit congratulations and a vote of thanks.

Assembly procedure has undergone a change. Fridays the band not only plays while the assembly hall is filled and emptied, but enjoyable selections by the band add colour to the routine, as does the singing of 'O Canada'. Each Monday, a report on current events is given, and the value of these reports is greatly increased by the newly installed public address system. Attempts have been made on the part of the Student's Council to subdue the noise in assembly, and these

have met with a considerable degree of success.

The war effort committee can also proudly report that numerous donations from the school war fund have been made. The Canadian Aid to Russia Fund, the China War Relief Fund, The Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, the Queen's Canadian Fund, and the Service League for British Ships have all been contributed to, and sincere thanks to the Student's Council and the student body have been extended by these organizations.

Although this is the first Student's Council of this school for several years, due to the efforts of its members and the co-operation of the students, a great deal has been accomplished. Naturally, as with all new organizations, we cannot expect miracles in the initial attempt. However an excellent foundation has been laid on the road of student government, and in the years to come the capacity and ability of the Student's Council will increase.

Today the Student's Council ranks high among the activities of the school, as it undoubtedly will in the years to come.

SPEAKERS AND MOVIES

BOUNCING MOLECULES

Have you ever seen "bouncing molecules?" Now, don't say no, because you have!

Third, fourth and fifth form students were lucky enough recently to see the film "Bouncing Molecules," kindly lent to the school by the Imperial Oil Limited. Until then, a great many of us had never heard of these wonders of science.

We were introduced to the complicated atomic structure of butane, butylene and butadiene which form the basis of these "bouncing molecules." Then we were shown how these atoms were strung together, strengthened, and treated to form the finished product. Then with a bounce and a splash, the "bouncing molecules"

appeared before our eyes!

What are these "bouncing molecules?" Why, synthetic rubber to you!

OTHER FILMS

The boys interested in such things have been shown films on map reading, paratroop training, and heard the helpful and informative talk, given by C. S. M. Sullivan. A movie of welding was of particular interest to the Tech. Department.

ROTARY LECTURES

Again this year, the students of the S.C.I. have had the privilege of being addressed by the four speakers of the Rotary Club.

R. J. Bouyer, of the Australia Broadcasting System, spoke of Australia's na-

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tive inhabitants with their uncivilized ways; of the thumb-sized baby kangaroos; and the beaver-like duck-billed platypus; of the education by radio of those too far away to attend school; and the system of separate schools for boys and girls; and of the unusual vegetation found there.

Major Scott, of North Peuder Is., B.C., was a war-correspondent in France, at the time of the liberation of Paris. He was among the first allies to enter the city, and his experiences proved most interesting to us.

Mr. P. Rowland, Jacksonville, Ill., answered two questions—(1) Why is it that the Red Armies are 30 miles from Berlin? and (2) Why is the Red Army so powerful? He told us of the social conditions, the industrialization, the total mobilization, the lack of fifth columnists, the guerilla fighters, and the splendid morale of the Russian people.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, also an American, stressed the aggressive policy of the Japanese. In nearly every age, they have been engaged in some kind of warfare, from small skirmishes to world wide conflicts, such as this present war.

This series of lectures was received with great interest and enjoyment by both the students and the staff; and our thanks goes out to the speakers themselves, and

to the Rotary Club, for this interesting and educational opportunity.

OTHER LECTURES

During the school year, several other speakers have addressed the assembly. Constable Duffield spoke about the traffic problems of bicyclists, giving us many helpful hints for better and more careful cycling. W. Y. Chen, of Chungking, China, told us of the Christian movement among young people in China. We find these young people so desirous of an education, that they are willing to cross the whole of the country to evade the oppressing Japanese forces and continue their education.

Canon Quintin Warner of London, who conducted a mission in Sarnia during the Week of Prayer, addressed the assembly, revealing the secret of the popularity of Sinatra's singing. The astounding discovery was that each of his listeners was sure Frankie was singing directly to them. He profitably utilized this discovery by employing it in the field of religion, in which he has done much successful work. The theme of his address was the importance of religion in everyday living.

Rev. F. Lockwood, travelling secretary for Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship, told us several personal experiences in the religious field.

WEEKLY NEWS REPORTS

Each week to continue the custom of the past few years, news reports have been regularly given to the students, gathered in the auditorium for their daily assembly. Each form, from 9-1 to 13-B, has given at least one of these talks in the past school year. Although this habit is very beneficial to the students, let's hope that wars may come no more, and these reports need not be given.

1943-44 SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Robert Galpin was awarded a special bursary of \$150 from the Memorial and Educationad Fund of the I.O.D.E., and also a second Carter Scholarship for Lambton County worth \$60.

Roger Butler was awarded the Sir Sandford Fleming Scholarship in Mathematics and the Williamson Scholarship in Physics and Chemistry. He also was presented with the third Carter Scholarship for Lambton County.

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Doris Jarvis, Percy Gladdy, and Anne Haskey were all awarded Special Dominion-Provincial Student Aid Scholarships for their upper school records of 1943-1944. Anne was also the recipient of the Sarnia University Women's Club Bursary of \$25.

Margaret Parker was awarded the D.

M. Grant Scholarship for superior standing during the third and fourth years of the General Course.

Betty June Gray and Edra Wooley equally divided the Sarnia Municipal Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary of \$50, for superior standing of the school year.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

First Row—Left to right: N. LeSueur, M. Parker, L. Elliott, P. Norsworthy, J. Palmer, J. Kent, B. Buchanan, E. Aiken, F. Whitnell, V. Miller, C. Overholt.

Second Row—Left to right: R. McDermid, D. Palmer, S. Walters, D. Shanks, L. Dennis (President), T. Running, R. Spradbrow, B. Selman, F. Dagg, J. D. McIntyre, G. Laird.

DAFFYNITIONS

COURTSHIP — a period of time during which a girl decides if she can do better.

LOVE — a sweet dream in which marriage is the alarm clock.

AXIS — what they chop down trees with.

HUG — energy gone to waist.

WIND — air in a hurry.

CANYON — a large gun.

WOMEN — generally speaking or generally speaking.

CODE — is what makes you sneeze.

ECONOMY — how to spend money and have no fun.

LAUNCH — is a noon-day meal.

SNEEZE — what when you stand at attention you always have to do.

SAPPER — is a dumb guy.

GLASSES — worn by young men for protection.

FINGERNAILS — God's gift to the paint manufacturer.

TANKERS — are large tanks.

TIN FISH — is a sardine in a can.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES



EDITORS — JOYCE JOHNSTON, RALPH BACKMAN AND DON GUTHRIE

FRESHETTES RECEPTION

The day of September 29 began amid cries of protest from the new arrivals to S.C.I.& T.S., but to the great satisfaction of the seniors. They appeared appropriately dressed to represent babies. They wore short pastel coloured dresses, ankle or knee socks of soft shades, and a large bonnet. Thos was set off by a large green crepe paper bow, cunningly tied under their chin to hold the bonnet in place.

In the evening these quaking young-

sters were left to the mercy of the seniors in the gym. When the worst was over and everyone had subsided, a sing song was held, led by Mary Jamieson, and Edra Wooley favoured them with a solo or two. Following this a solemn pledge was repeated to good old S.C.I.& T.S., after which they received cookies and apples. The Naaz March then brought to a close another memorable freshettes reception.

FRESHIES' NIGHT

The first week in October, 1944, the school body was astounded to see a different style of clothes worn by the "freshies." Their short pants were set off with wide green bow ties and feminine hats. At night, the senior welcomed the "freshies" to our school in the form of a party. Despite the horrors inflicted

upon them, they came through with flying colours (blue and white of course). During the evening, contests were held amongst the freshies and the school vows and yells were repeated after the seniors by the freshies. The evening was completed with the serving of refreshments.

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ANNUAL AT HOME

For the first time in the history of the S.C.I. & T.S., our Annual At Home served as a graduation dance. Commencement exercises were held at eight o'clock, after which dancing took place in the girls gym till one.

The gym was appropriately decorated for this outstanding event, with blue and white streamers, and imitation graduation certificates, tied with blue crepe paper bows. The tuneful melodies of Lloyd Wright and his orchestra kept all oblivious of the passing hours. As has been

customary since the beginning of the war, corsages were definitely "taboo."

Our guests were graciously received by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenny.

During intermission, refreshments were served, following which the Grand March was led by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury.

The social committee of the Students' Council—Fred Dagg as convener, it to be congratulated for a most delightful evening. A good time was had by all.

COMMENCEMENT

On Tuesday evening, December 26th, at 8.15 o'clock, our Annual Commencement Exercises were held. This year, a new innovation in commencement activities was introduced, inasmuch as the Students' Council planned and prepared the programme. Our thanks and congratulations go out to the members of the Council, who lent their services to this cause.

The programme opened with several musical selections from the school orchestra, directed by Mr. W. E. Brush. Another selection, Brahms's Hungarian Dance No. 5, was enjoyed by the audience during the course of the evening.

Mr. H. H. Eyre, chairman of the Board of Education, at this time, congratulated the graduates, and the various winners of scholarships, and wished them every success in their future endeavours.

Greetings were also conveyed from the city, by His Worship Mayor W. C. Hipple. Mayor Hipple dwelt upon the part taken by ex-pupils of the Sarnia Collegiate, in this present conflict.

Mr. Asbury, our principal, gave a very concise summary of the activities in the school, during the past year. In listening to Mr. Asbury's remarks, we all had the thought in mind, that this would be the last commencement exercise at which he would be present. We shall miss Mr. Asbury's presence and guidance in the school, a great deal, but we wish him

every success in his new field of work.

This was followed by the presentation of scholarship awards, diplomas, and honour certificates. To the winners we extend our sincerest congratulations.

The highlight of every commencement is, of course the valedictory address. This was given by Robert Galpin. Bob was well qualified to be the valedictorian of 1944, having won the I.O.D.E. special bursary, and the Second Carter Scholarship for Lambton County. After narrating some very enlightening episodes experienced in his high school career, interspersed with some very amusing incidents about some of our teachers, he proceeded to pass on some advice to the students of the incoming year. This year, a very unique ceremony was held. Bob lit and presented three candles, representing Knowledge, Sacrifice, and Extra Curricular Activities, to Norma Tuier, a representative of the first year students. This was meant to symbolize the handing down of these three things by the old graduates to the new students. It was a very impressive ceremony.

The Students' Council are to be highly commended, on the very successful result obtained by the combination of their first effort. The graduates and guests then adjourned to the girls' gymnasium, where the Annual At Home took place. I'm sure everyone agreed that this was the end of a perfect evening.

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CLUB EL COLEGIO

Club El Colegio, much anticipated by the students of S.C.I.&T.S., was again brought to them by the So-Ed Club on February 16th.

A group of very charming misses, decked in long dresses, opened the show with a song, after which Stanley Heller took over as master of ceremonies. Our own So-Ed orchestra, under the direction of Al Kirby and Bill Wilkinson kept the audience swooning, with several delightful selections, especially Bill's own arrangement of "Embraceable You." A skit put on by Bob Hitchcock and Stanley Heller had the spectators doubling up from laughter. Dora MacKenzie, Gussie Palmer, Edra Woolley, and Bob Cook each favoured us with two lovely solos. Betty Byrns, Ev. Aiken and Joy Barton harmonized in a couple of delightful numbers. A view of an ideal schoolroom (students' view) with Lewis Shortt as professor, was much enjoyed and approved of by all. Four chorus girls, Joy Barton, Helen Carruthers, Myrtle West, and Doris Campbell gave us a demonstration in the art of tap dancing. Oh yes, we must not forget the well known come-

dians of all our So-Ed shows, J. D. McIntyre and Fred Dagg who sang "They're Coming In The Windows."

After the show, refreshments, sandwiches, pop, and chocolate milk, camouflaged under such names as Hearts' Ease, Cupid's Foam, and Love Potion, were served in the boys gym, while dancing took place in the girls gym, a record amplifier providing the music. The two gyms were effectively decorated under the guidance of Mary Jane Pembleton with red and white streamers, red hearts, and attractive table centres of red hearts on white doilies.

To Stanley Heller, Bob Hitchcock, Beverly Stone, Marjorie Shannon, Doug Cole, Neil Pole, Mary Jane Pembleton, Dave McRae, Al Kirby, Bill Wilkinson and Doris Brent, president of the So-Ed Club, we owe a great deal for the success of the show. To them we extend our sincere congratulations.

So-Ed was very pleased to welcome to their show as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, Mrs. Claxton, Miss McCool and Miss Grace McKinley.

CADET DANCE

One of the outstanding events in the social calendar of the S.C.I.&T.S. last year was the annual Cadet Dance held in May. The boy's gym was gaily decorated for this occasion with blue and white streamers. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Rogin and Mr. and Mrs. Kenny. The couples danced to

the rhythmic strains of Ken Williamson's orchestra. The cadets in their new khaki uniforms and the officers in their blue and white uniforms, added much colour to the dance. The dance was well attended and a good time was had by all. Refreshments were served during the evening.

SWEATER HOPS

During the social calendar of the S.C.I.&T.S. this year, three "sweater hops" were recorded as successes.

Following a basketball game between Port Huron and Sarnia, a dance was held under the auspices of the newly formed "Students' Council." There was

continuous dancing from 8.30 to 11.30 to the music of the world's most famous bands. Refreshments were served by the Social Body of the Students' Council. A good crowd was present and the evening was enjoyed by everyone.

The second sweater hop was sponsored

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by the Boys' Athletic Executive and it also followed a basketball game between the school team and an Alumni team. Our very genial host was Mr. Newell. Novelty dances were held making the evening interesting. The dancing started at 9.30 and lasted until 11.30. The couples swayed to the music of Harry James, Sammy Kaye and many others. The dancing was enjoyed by all present.

On the eve of Good Friday, the Student Council sponsored another informal dance under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Coles, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond. Approximately 350 students enjoyed this social evening, dancing to the music of Ken Williamson's orchestra.

Nice work S. C. and B. A. E. and here's to more "sweater hops."

WE STAMPED UP A HOEDOWN

Yes, we stamped up a hoedown, and being budding capitalists, what did we do but stage a hard-times party; and so, from nibbling at the seeds of knowledge, and incidentally examination pen handles, the wisdom weary 10 Ders, like the Easter bunny, hopped right into the gymnasium hay-loft.

As soon as we entered the hall, we stopped in our tracks, for, to our amazement, what did we see but a good-sized farm wagon drawn up in the middle of the corridor. With curiosity now fully aroused, we tore down to the gynosium (I beg your pardon—the barn) with its suspended wagon wheels lighted and covered with yellow streamers; its rustic benches and tables; corn husks on the floor, and oil lanterns all produced through the ingenuity of John Battram and Peter Burns, and Co. One of these was labeled "Out of Order." On turning; we heard—no, it couldn't be—yes it was a somewhat dazed and ruffled hen crated in one corner. Very much to the forefront was a round, solid, strength supplying and stimulating keg for "Mr. Marcy Only," perhaps suggestive of a little uplift for one who shortly must be buried beneath the weight of math. papers.

For games, we migrated to various parts of the girls' gym and had our events including nine-pines and relay

aces. In the race which involved balancing chalk on a ruler, several hit upon a plan whereby they could flatten one side of the chalk to keep it from rolling; but our ever-wary leaders soon discouraged this practice.

After the games, we crowded back to the boys' gym and became lost completely in the baffling mysteries of Tom (Mystic) Moore's slight-of-hand tricks; after which we threw ourselves into our best tintype poses for a picture to be developed by that master photographer, Peter Burns. After this grueling ordeal, we had refreshments including ice cream bars, chocolate milk and candy. This, for many, was probably the high-spot of the evening. We all pitched in to help clean up the remnants, and soon we were ready for dancing. We had a wonderful gramophone and the latest popular music which attracted several couples to the floor.

Jean Cordy was our prize winning farmerette replete with patches in the usual places; and we understand that after one glance at Mr. Marcy, the Home for Lost Hobos has offered compassionate refuge.

At eleven o'clock we left our "hay-loft" to face the coming week—a fateful day—a new crop of examination marks.

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MUSIC

EDITORS — FRANCES SING AND BILL WILKINSON

CHOPIN

"March came in like a lion," in 1809, and with it came Frederick Francois Chopin. It was one marked date on the Polish Calendar because the little village of Zelazowa-Wola had joyously greeted the future most famous pianist and music composer of Europe.

Frederick Chopin's mother, Justine Krzyanowska, was of pure Polish blood, while his father was a Frenchman from Nancy, Lorraine. Frederick Francois began his piano work at a very early age, under the guiding hand of a Bohemian violinist Adalbert Zwiny. This influence resulted in Chopin playing, in public, a pianoforte concerto by Gyrowetz, at the age of nine.

Joseph Elsner, then became the lad's teacher. He was a severe disciplinarian and he put his pupil through all the classical paces. It was with this guidance, along with the boy's industrious yet practical efforts, that Frederick Chopin began his famous career and rise in the musical world.

After playing several times in Warsaw, he made his second visit to Vienna during the summer of 1831. From here he went

to Stuttgart, where he heard that the Russians had entered Warsaw, which was near his home town, Zelazowa-Wola. Penned at Stuttgart he wrote his "Revolutionary Study in C minor," after which he visited Paris. From 1831 to 1837 he worked hard, composing new pieces and playing. Then he met Madame Aurore Deduvant who was known to the literary world as George Sand.

From 1837 to 1847 Madame Sand had a great influence on Chopin's works. An example of this is shown by the D flat Waltz "Le valse du petit chien." It was inspired by George Sand's pet dog who was spinning around the floor in an effort to catch its tail. Madame Sand was amused by the incident and begged Frederick to "set the tail to music." He did, and the world has been richer for this piece which, at one time, even street organs played through the town.

The Chopin Waltzes give the true ball-room atmosphere and are the most objective of Chopin's work. An example of these animated rhythms and lively atmosphere is shown by the Waltz opus 18 in E flat. It was said that there was a

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bustle and chatter in this Waltz and that the D flat section had a tang of the later Chopin. Some of his waltzes are morbid—The C sharp minor Waltz—due to his illness and frame of mind while on the Island of Majorca. However, others are delightful specimens of the composer's happier moods while in this place.

The other phase of Chopin's ingenious works appears in the Mazurkas and Polonaises. One of these, "the Polonaise, opus 40, No. 1" was emphasized and brought to public recognition by the film, "A Song to Remember." How appropriate this title is! It was one of Chopin's difficulties, but in it, he expressed the

musical soul of Poland.

In 1847 he separated from George Sand over a dispute concerning his music. Then he commenced a long series of concerts during which time he had to travel a great deal and in his spare time he composed more music. The strain of these concerts, which were arranged to raise money for the Polish cause, soon proved fatal. On March 17, 1849, Frederick Francois Chopin died, leaving to the world his music, and to the little village of Zelazowa-Wola, only the memory of a great pianist.

Marjorie Abel, 13-B.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

It is one of those delightful Friday morning assemblies which, by all its "added attractions" lends an air of excitement to the hall. The band, renowned for its "extra pieces," it playing sweet and slow music. Suddenly it bursts into a gay tune which is known to many as one of the librettos from the comic opera "H. M. S. Pinafore."

This opera is one of the many composed by A. S. Sullivan in collaboration with W. S. Gilbert, who wrote the lyrics. Perhaps a brief summary of the story and a few of the tunes will help us appreciate this work even more.

The setting is aboard the H. M. S. Pinafore, lying at anchor in Portsmouth's harbour. Captain Corcoran is the master of the ship. One morning, he is greeted in song by the sailors, and replies thus to their salutation.

The Captain: "I am the captain of the Pinafore!"

The Crew: "And a right good captain too!"

The Captain: (politely) "You're very, very good,

And be it understood,

I command a right good crew!"

The Crew: (to each other) "We're

very very good,

And be it understood,

He commands a right good crew!"

Throughout the opera, little repetitions in the score, such as the one here, lends humour to the story.

That same day, the Right Honorable Sir Joseph Porter, first Lord of the Admiralty comes aboard to ask the Captain for the hand of his daughter, Josephine. Accompanying him are sisters, cousins and Aunts, who are the theme for this silly little song:

Sir Joseph: "I'm the monarch of the sea,

The ruler of the Queen's Navee,

Whose praise Great Britain loudly chaunts."

All the Ladies: "And we are his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts!"

Sir Joseph: "When at anchor here I ride

My bosom swells with pride,

And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts."

All the Ladies: "And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!"

Here also are the funny rhymes; "Chaunts," "taunts" and, oddly, "aunts."

Josephine, however, refuses Sir Joseph

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because she is secretly in love with Ralph, a common sailor. Sir Joseph himself was of lowly origin, and proudly sings of it in perhaps the most well-known of the songs.

Sir Joseph: "When I was a lad I served a term

As office-boy in an attorney's firm:

I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,

And polished up the handle of the big front door.

I polished up the handle so successfuller. That now I am Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

This song goes on for many verses in this same style, and is one of the high-lights of the opera. Sir Joseph's song fails to move Josephine however, and she and Ralph plan to elope. Their plan is betrayed by Dick Deadeye, the villain. Little Buttercup, a round, rosy woman, who loves Captain Corcoran, reveals that she had accidentally exchanged the Captain and Ralph when they were infants. Her song begins thus:

"A many years ago,

When I was young and charming,

As some of you may know,

I practised baby-farming."

meaning that she minded children while their parents travelled on the continent. The crew, very interested in this, replied:

"Now this is most alarming—

When she was young and charming

She practised baby-farming

A many years ago!"

In order to rectify this error, the First Lord reduces the Captain to an ordinary sailor and makes Ralph Captain of the "Pinafore." The crew remarks on their former captain's rank by singing when the captain sings, "I was Captain of the "Pinafore." to him, And a right good captain too!" Corcoran replied, in ending,

"And though before my fall

I commanded of you all,

I'm a member of the crew!"

To finish the opera properly, Josephine and Ralph wed, and Buttercup and the Captain marry under the grotesque, new arrangement, with the First Lord's blessing.

Whenever again you here parts of the "Pinafore" repeated, remember the nonsensical tunes and story which make it one of the most popular comic operas we have!

M. Sinclair, 13-B

TRUE AMERICAN MUSIC

Here are three men with whom I would like to make you more familiar. They are Ellington, Gershwin, and Scott—all modern writers of American music.

Edward Kennedy (Duke) Ellington, born in Washington, D.C., studied piano at the age of seven. Having been a leading pupil in his studies as well as a brilliant pianist, he was awarded an art scholarship. He went to New York to attend college in 1923. Ellington acquired a job after school hours as a pianist, and soon other musicians were coming to hear him play. After a short time, he left art school in order to spend all his time on music. Since this time he has toured Europe twice and has given num-

erous concerts in such well-known places as Carnegie Hall, New York University, and Colgate University.

Ellington writes his tunes principally around individuals, bringing out all the musical features of the negro race. His music is rich, and original depicting the melancholy and bright happening in the years during which the negro has been a part of our civilization in America. "Sophisticated Lady" is Ellington's portrait of his most dignified old-maid high school teacher. At present he is writing a folk opera picturing the entire history of his own negro race. Certainly Ellington's music is typical of negro music in America.

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George Gershwin was educated in Brooklyn, studied piano and composition at thirteen, and when he was sixteen was working for a music publishing house. He has written over sixteen successful musical comedies, many of which have been made into motion pictures. His folk opera "Porgy and Bess" has been a constant favourite since it was written in 1935. Gershwin's death a short time ago, was certainly a great loss to the world of music.

He wrote in two distinct styles—spirituals and musical comedies. His music of the spiritual type is written in a symphonic style. It has the instrumentation and basic formation of a symphony, but the harmony and melody of a melancholy negro song. As a sharp contrast to his "serious" works, Gershwin's musical comedies contain all the sparkle and movement of swift metropolitan life. In this way Gershwin covers the gay music of and basic formation of a symphony, but the city, and, in a different way from Ellington, brings to us the negro's music.

Raymond Scott's real name is Harry Warnow. When Scott started into the music profession his brother, Mark, had already become a successful musician. For this reason he changed his own name, so that in no way would he be helped through the good reputation of his brother. Scott grew up and studied music

in New York. Here he became successful through his originality in producing sound effects and tone shadings.

Scott studies a subject and then writes his musical impression of it. For example, while in the country one day, Scott came across a strange duck. This duck was very fond of huckleberries. Scott studied the peculiar waddle of the duck for some time and from these observations he was inspired to write a musical interpretation using the rhythm of the waddling duck. This is the origin of "Huckleberry Duck." One of his best known tunes is "Toy Trumpet." Just from listening to the melody one can imagine the awkward movements of wooden soldiers as they march along to the accompaniment of a toy trumpeter. Scott's music is extremely varied in subjects, but all of it holds a picture of happenings in every day American life.

In some ways these men's music may differ; Scott writes no music of spiritual type as do Ellington and Gershwin; Gershwin makes no peculiar musical studies as does Scott; but all these musicians point to one thing—life in America. These men are only three of the number of men who picture America in music. Ellington, Gershwin, and Scott are forming a record of life in America during our time.

Bill Wilkinson, 11-A

COMMUNITY CONCERT SOLOISTS

Our music section wouldn't be complete without some mention of the Community Concert soloists who have honoured our school with their presence. The Community Concerts' is an international organization which has taken the full responsibility for bringing the best artists to our city. This is the Community Concerts' first year in Sarnia. From the spectacular performances we have had this year, we believe that the Association is here to stay.

On Saturday evening, February 24, the series was opened in Sarnia by Miss Rose Bampton, leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. Her audience was impressed, not only by her outstanding voice, but also by her beauty and charming renditions. A few of her selections were—"All Along the Highway" by Gretchaninoff; "Aria, Dich teure Halle," from Tann Haeuser and "Lo Son l'umile ancella," from Adriana.

The second guest artist was Mr. Jesus

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Mirca Sanroma, Puerto Rican pianist. He captured his audience by his fire and technical ability. Among his presentations were the "Submerged Cathedral" and "Fireworks" by Debussy; "Sanata in A major" by Mozart and his own arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue" by George Gershwin.

Nino Martini, lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, was the third artist. His lilting, lyric, tenor voice and genial per-

sonality were a huge success with his audience. His songs were sung in four different languages. Among the outstanding were "O Del Mio Dolce Ardor" by Gluck; "Bon Jour Suzon" by Delebes; "Estrellita" by Pouce and "The Flood of Spring" by Rach Manenoff.

The concert series was concluded on April twenty-four by the appearance of Miss Patricia Travers, youthful violinist.

Frances Sing.



S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

Top Row—Left to right: J. Crawford, D. Eyre, M. Wilson, K. Sutton, W. Marshall, Doug. Shanks, G. Gander, R. Dailey, J. Widner, F. Dagg.

Middle Row—Left to right: Mr. Brush (Conductor), B. VanAlstyne, D. Park, A. Milner, D. Lewis, R. Allen, R. Geere, A. Mustard, Don Shanks.

Bottom Row—Left to right: G. Barnes, S. Shanks, H. Helliwell, B. Barry, T. Kenny, R. Trieitz, L. Dennis.

Mrs. Kingdom: "What are all those E's for dear?"

Shirley: "For excellent, mother."

Mrs. K.: "Well you are getting better all the time—from D's to E's."

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S. C. I. & T. S. ORCHESTRA

First Row—Left to right: E. MacDonald, F. Holmes, J. Moor, P. Bruner, L. Bell, S. Shanks, W. Marshall.

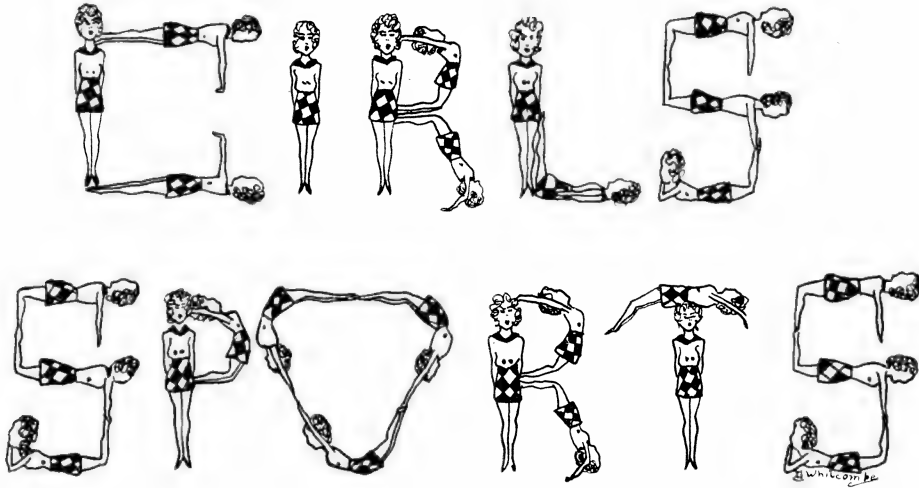
Second Row—Left to right: Miss Ramsden, D. Guthrie, T. Kenny, D. Shanks, L. Dennis, P. Wray, Mr. Brush (conductor).

Third Row—Left to right: F. Dagg, R. Dailey, M. Wilson, D. Eyre, W. VanAlstyne.

WE WONDER

Why they call Joan Thorner dynamite? Do you know Ken?
Why they call Marjorie Abel "Peep" is beyond us.
Is it true that all the first form Tek boys do is shine Mr. Pringle's car.
If Mr. Langan has lost control of his marvellous temper, because he has started carrying a little gun around with him.
How you go about getting 99 in French, Bruce?
If Miss Walker ever sees a show she can enjoy?
When do the girls and fellows switch P. T. teachers?
Why Mr. Trietz persists in calling the zoology class a mixed class. Does he still include Boyd?
What those American girls were doing in the Electric Welding booth? What are you sweating for, Sutton.
How Marj Abel keeps her hair so blonde?
Whether Mr. Dennis is still sure that 313 holds 9-9 students the seventh period.
What happened to the five boys of T-11 who took the trip to Detroit and returned Monday night.
What the attraction is out at Oakwood Corners, Maimie? Would you like to know, Jack?
Why there is no work done in the Drafting room second period Wednesday morning, eh ! ! Joan?
Why the girls of 13-B, don't learn to knit.
Why the boys of T-11 pass room 210 from assemblies. New teacher, maybe!
How Mr. Rogin is getting along.
How many chess players we have in the S.C.I.
Who the lad is in T-11 who is giving Frankie boy a little competition? Personally, he had better tend to his cooking.

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EDITOR — PEGGY MILNE

Although the girls' athletic activities for 1944-45 have not yet been concluded, their efforts to date have been most successful. We girls are indeed fortunate to have such adequate facilities in our gym which allow us to participate in so many worthwhile sports. Girls, let's show our appreciation by sharing in all the tournaments!

To Miss Ramsden for her understanding interest in our efforts we extend a hearty vote of thanks! Returning from our Christmas vacation we learned with regret that Miss Brown had obtained leave of absence from our staff, having enlisted in the Wrens. We do appreciate the co-operation and interest that Miss Brown has always displayed, and wish her every success in her new duties. As a substitute for Miss Brown, we are fortunate in having Mrs. T. Claxton, who has already found her niche in the G. A. A. activities, and has proven very popular among the girls.

The Athletic Executive is headed by the Honorary Presidents: Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, Mrs. T. Claxton; president, Peggy Milne; vice-president, Jean MacKinlay; secretary, Janet Helliwell;

treasurer, Betty Cook. The rest of the executive are the curators of the various sports conducted as interform tournaments. These curators are: Track and Field, Joan Cowan; Swimming, Joyce Johnston; Baseball, Edra Wooley; Speedball, Helen Carmichael; Badminton, Frances Whitnell; Basketball, Evelyn Aiken; Volleyball, Mary Jean Armstrong; Dancing, Katherine Skerratt.

These girls meet twice a month to record the gym-work of every girl in the school, and to arrange the supervision of after-school activities.

After each tournament, the executive gives a party for the forms ranking first, second and third in each of the Junior, Intermediate and Senior divisions. Each girl of the winning team receives a crest, and the captain is the recipient of a large banner for her home room.

At the final assembly, the form with the highest average mark for the year's work receives the All-round pennant. Last year, 12-B won this coveted award.

Girls who do better than average in their year's work receive a proficiency crest at the final assembly. Those who won their crests in 1944 are: Evelyn Aik-

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GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Top Row—Left to right: B. Cook, J. Johnson, H. Carmichael, Mrs. Claxton, Miss Ramsden, E. Aiken, K. Skerratt, E. Wooley.

Bottom Row—Left to right: J. Cowan, M. Armstrong, P. Milne, F. Whitnell, J. MacKinlay, absent, J. Helliwell.

en, Betty Allingham, Marjorie Anderson, Doreen Banks, Margaret Borthwick, Betty Cook, Anne Cowan, Joan Cowan, Marquerite Cruickshank, Jean Dixon, Jean Downie, Mary Edgar, Berniece Friedman, Ruth Hawley, Lenore Horner, Terais Hughes, Ruth Jarvis, Margaret Jones, Barbara Lawrence, Betty Lea, Mary Lucas, Dora Mackenzie, Jean MacKinlay, Eileen McIntyre, Hope Millholland, Peggy Milne, Joyce Moor, Evelyn Norwood, Catherine Overholt, Patricia Overholt, Shirley Robley, Leone Street, Donna Sumner, Dorothy Teasell, Frances Whitnell.

If a girl is awarded a proficiency crest

for three consecutive years, she earns her second "S". Last year, Evelyn Aiken, Marguerite Cruickshank, Ruth Jarvis and Frances Whitnell won these awards.

The highest award to be attained is the first "S" which is won by the girl who has done the best gym work for the year. Last year, Betty Allingham and Betty Cook took top honours, and thus were acclaimed the Senior All-round Champs. In the Intermediate division, Ruth Hawley excelled all others and, as Intermediate All-round Champ, received the second "S". Anne Cowan, as Junior Champ, received a medal. Congratulations, girls, keep up the good work!

Who's the boy in the Corby's sweater?

Pondering Student: "Give me Liberty or give me Life.

Yeavesdropper: "You mean, give me Liberty or give me Death."

Student: "I've never heard of "Death," but give me a "Liberty."



GIRLS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing: Betty Allingham, Betty Cook.
Seated: Ann Cowan, Ruth Hawley.

LIFE SAVING

These are the girls who did their part in Life Saving Work to bring the Cockrane Cup to the S. C. I. this year. Keep up the good work girls! The list, complete with the awards it as follows:

BAR TO SILVER

Donna Sumner.

SILVER

Joanne Brown, Janet Helliwell, Margaret Sinclair, Betty Cook, Florence McGugan, Joan Cowan, Nancy LeSueur, Jean MacKinlay, Pauline Slater, Evelyn Aiken, Margeruite Cruickshank, Sarah Saunders, Claire Davison, Margaret Borthwick, Nellie Thompson.

FIRST CLASS INSTRUCTOR

Florence McGugan, Janet Helliwell, Donna Sumner, Joanne Brown, Margaret Sinclair, Betty Cook, Frances Elder,

Barbara Moor, Jean MacKinlay, Joan Cowan, Nancy LeSueur, Margaret Borthwick, Pauline Slater, Evelyn Aiken, Mary Jane Pembleton.

SECOND CLASS INSTRUCTOR

Margaret Sinclair, Janet Helliwell, Florence McGugan, Joanne Brown, Betty Cook, Barbara Lawrence, Frances Elder, Barbara Moor, Jean MacKinlay, Joan Cowan, Pauline Slater, Evelyn Aiken, Nancy LeSueur, Margaret Borthwick, Mary Jane Pembleton.

BAR TO BRONZE

Frances Elder.

BRONZE MEDALLION

Margaret Sinclair, Joanne Brown, Janet Helliwell, Betty Cook, Florence McGugan, Nancy LeSueur, Mary Lou McGibbon, Eileen McIntyre, Evelyn Aiken,

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GIRLS' LIFE-SAVING

Top Row—Left to right: A. Cowan, H. Millholland, M. Lucas, N. Mullen, S. Robley, H. Carmichael, E. Aiken, M. Borthwick, B. Mott, D. Rosenbloom, D. Walker, M. Davison.
 Second Row—Left to right: N. Fitzgibbon, A. Gordon, F. Wilson, C. Davison, F. Elder, J. Johnston, M. Sinclair, B. Moor, R. Skerratt, M. Anderson, K. Overholt, P. Christon.
 Third Row—Left to right: M. J. Pembleton, M. Cruickshank, P. Slater, J. Brown, D. Banks, M. Lunam, B. Lawrence, B. Cook, J. MacKinlay, D. McCracken, F. McGougan.
 Bottom Row—Left to right: A. Corrigan, D. Teasell, R. Hawley, N. LeSueur, J. Cowan, A. Plummer, M. Burgess, V. Cordey, M. Slater, N. Kilbreath.

Pauline Slater, Myfanwy Cordey, Joan Hohn, Barbara Moor, Nellie Thompson, Joan Cowan, Marguerite Cruickshank, Mary Lucas, Margaret Borthwick, Barbara Lawrence, Anne Plummer, Jean MacKinlay, Anne Cowan, Marion Davison, Mary Jane Pembleton, Louise Wright Sarah Saunders, Hope Millholland, Peggy Rabbitts, Doreen Banks, Joyce Pirce, Helen Carmichael, Joyce Johnston, Aileen Gordon, Katherine Skerratt, Marjorie Burgess, Marion Lunam, Claire Davison, Marjorie Anderson, Ruth Hawley, Faye Wilson, Peggy Christon, Diane Walker, Shirley Robley, Dorothy McCracken, Dorothy Rosenbloom, Nancy Kilbreath, Ruth McCracken, Edythe Logan, Berniece Mott, Catherine Overholt, Audrey Corrigan, Jewel Dupee, Isobel McCallum, Jackie Johnston, Betty Allingham, Dorothy Teasell, Nancy Mullen, Nancy Fitzgibbon, Jean Fraser, Marion Slater.

UNIGRIP

Janety Helliwell, Eileen McIntyre,

Betty Cook, Mary Lucas, Mary Jane Pembleton, Evelyn Aiken, Barbara Lawrence, Joanne Brown, Anne Cowan, Jean MacKinlay, Hope Millholland.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

Nancy LeSueur, Mary Low McGibbon, Eileen McIntyre, Evelyn Aiken, Pauline Slater, Myfanwy Cordey, Joan Kilbreath, Mary Jane Pembleton, Joyce Moor, Anne Cowan, Mary Edgar, Marjorie Anderson, Dorothy Rosenbloom, Doreen Banks, Sarah Saunders, June Venton, Patricia Norsworthy, Hope Millholland, Donna Luckins, Florence Cooke, Anne Plummer, Claire Davison, Betty Allingham, Dorothy Teasell, Helen Carmichael, Joyce Johnston, Ruth Rawley, Carol McIntyre, Aileen Gordon, Joan John, Barbara Moor, Nellie Thompson, Joan Cowan, Marguerite Cruickshank, Mary Lucas, Margaret Borthwick, Barbara Lawrence, Louise Wright, Nancy Callum, Marjorie Burgess, Peggy Rabbitts, Katherine Skerratt, Marion Lunam,

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Jewell Dupee, Lorraine Burd, Terias Hughes, Berniece Mott, Isobel McCullum, Faye Wilson, Jean Fraser, Diane Walder, Ruth McCracken, Dorothy McCracken, Joyce Pierce, Mary Jennings, Shirley Robley, Elva Hastings, Catherine Overholt, Doris Gammon, Jackie Johnston, Edythe Logan, Peggy Christon, Audrey Corrigan, Agnes Parks, Frances Kingdom, Olo Purves, Marion Slater, Nancy Fitzgibbon, Nancy Mullin, Shirley Roberts, Gloria Smith, Jean Anne Daus, Helen Dobroski, Isobel Millar, Doris Brent, Betty Burgies.

ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE

Mary Lou McGibbon, Eileen McIntyre, Evelyn Aiken, Pauline Slater, Myfanwy Cordey, Joan John, Barbara Moor, Nellie Thompson, Joan Cowan, Marguerite Cruickshank, Mary Lucas, Margaret Borthwick, Barbara Lawrence, Anne Plummer, Louise Wright, Nancy Kilbreath, Mary Jane Pembleton, Joyce Moor, Anne Cowan, Mary Edgar, Marjorie Anderson, Dorothy Rosenbloom, Doreen Banks, Sarah Saunders, June Venton, Patricia Norseworthy, Hope Mill-

holland, Donna Luchine, Florence Cooke, Shirley Robley, Nancy Stokes, Doris Gammon, Dorothy McCracken, Betty Allingham, Helen Ellenor, Terias Hughes, Marion Slater, Katherine Skerratt, Aileen Gordon, Carol McIntyre, Claire Davison, Ruth Hawley, Jackie Johnston, Dorothy Teasell, Joyce Johnston, Helen Carmichael, Marjorie Burgess, Marion Lunam, Eila Kuosmanen, Peggy Rabbitts, Isobel Millar, Faye Wilson, Jewell Dupee, Isobel McCullum, Shirley Roberts, Jean Callum, Edythe Logan, Daphne Nisbet, Mary Jennings, Diane Walder, Joyce Pierce, Lorraine Burd, Catherine Overholt, Berience Mott, Doris Brent, Yvonne Morrison, Jean Fraser, Agnes Parks, Elva Hastings, Sally Wilkinson, Frances Kingdom, Kathryn Pringle, Gloria Smith, Audrey Corrigan, Peggy Christon, Betty Byrns, Evelyn Norwood, Frances Whitnell, Doris Wilkins, Jean Gilbert, Ola Purves, Jean Ann Daus, Helen Dabroski, Nancy Mullin, Nancy Fitzgibbon, Nona Shepherd, Betty Burgess, Elizabeth Rutherford, Dorothy McCracken.



GIRLS' SWIMMING

Bottom Row—Left to right: W. Brandon, I. Isaacs, S. Wilkinson, P. West, B. Parker, N. Stratford, C. McIntyre, M. Hayes, L. Sands, J. Rosebush, J. Palmer, P. Armstrong.
 Middle Row—Left to right: M. Edgar, D. Banks, J. Pierce, R. West, P. Wray, B. Geddes, S. Robley, J. Steinhoff, J. Williamson, M. Burgess, J. Jackson, W. Matthews, M. West, M. Anderson.
 Top Row—Left to right: R. Humphrey, F. Holmes, N. Harris, E. Carruthers, M. Pembleton, L. Finan, D. McCracken, R. Hawley, E. Norwood.

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SWIMMING

From September until the middle of November, the girls were able to swim after school two nights every week and three nights every other week. A fall tournament was conducted, but another will be carried on in the spring. Let's make the spring competition even bigger and better than before, girls!

In the Senior division, Dorothy Mc-

Cracken and her 11-A team came first, with 11-C second and in third place the 13-B team. Barbara Geddes' 10-A girls came through as victors for the Intermediates, while 10-B and 10-D followed. For the Juniors, 9-5 led by Carol McIntyre, 9-11 and 9-10 placed first, second and third.

TRACK AND FIELD

The girls responded well to the Track and Field Meet which was held on October 4, 5, 6 (from 10.30 in the morning until noon. In all, thirty teams were entered with 525 girls participating!

The Senior division was closely contested but in the end 13-A captained by Joan Cowan nosed out the 13-B team

with 11-C coming third. 10-D, led by Helen Karn, captured first for the Intermediates, and was followed by C-10-B (2) while the C-10-A (1) team placed third. Margaret Haddon's 9-4 team and Betty Parker's 9-5 girls shared first place in the Junior division, with 9-6 (1) ranking third.



TRACK AND FIELD

Top Row—Left to right: N. Thompson, F. Elder, E. Wooley, P. Hartley, B. Stone, J. Cowan, J. MacKinlay, M. Colotelo, B. J. Gray, M. Shannon.
Second Row—Left to right: M. Lethbridge, I. McPherson, B. Grey, Y. Morrison, P. McLean, J. Farris, F. Horley, M. McLaren, H. Dobroski.
Third Row—Left to right: J. Cordey, M. Laidlaw, H. Karn, H. Millholland, A. Cowan, M. Lucas, D. Stewart, J. Moor, E. Stephens, M. Moore, T. Hughes.
Fourth Row—Left to right: W. Brandon, I. Isaac, S. Wilkinson, P. West, B. Parker, N. Stratford, C. McIntyre, M. Hughes, L. Sands, J. Palmer, P. Armstrong.
Bottom Row—Left to right: F. Kingdon, M. Beaton, J. Murray, M. Sauder, S. Young, J. Goldsmith, E. Kudsmanen, J. Newman, M. Haddon, E. Heisler, H. Johnson, J. Murray.

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BASEBALL

Good weather was an incentive to the girls in their softball tournament which was played in 97 games with 401 participants.

For the Seniors, Marion Schell led her 12-A team to victory, with 13-A placing second and C-11-A third. 10-D under

Isobel McPherson triumphed over other Intermediate teams. The 10-C team came second to be followed by C-10-B (1). For the Juniors, 9-11 captained by Marie Bennet ranked first, with 9-6 (2) and 9-7 (1) placing second and third respectively.



BASEBALL

Top Row—Left to right: M. Beaton, I. White, E. Aiken, B. Byrns, M. Shell, B. Leckie, B. Friedman, P. Slater, F. Whitnell.
Second Row—Left to right: J. Cordey, M. Laidlaw, H. Karn, H. Millholland, A. Cowan, M. Lucas, D. Stewart, J. Moor.
Third Row—Left to right: T. Hughes, I. McPherson, B. Grey, Y. Morrison, J. Ferris, F. Horley, M. McLaren, H. Dobroski.
Fourth Row—Left to right: D. Nurse, L. Bass, J. Brown, J. O'Neil, E. Logan, M. Bennett, J. Grey, G. Smith, K. Pringle, J. Callum, M. Jennings, G. Scott.

SPEEDBALL, FIELDBALL AND CAPTAINBALL

Grades 12 and 13 only are playing Speedball this year, but persistent wet weather forced the final games to be postponed until Spring. Grade 11 students play Fieldball, a game less advanced than Speedball, but nevertheless very exciting for those participating. First place was awarded to 11-A under Flor-

ence Jewitt, while the C-11-A girls came second, to be followed by the 11-C team. The Intermediate Fieldball also had to be postponed because of bad weather. Junior Captainball proved to be very close, but in the end 9-8 (1) under Mary Burt triumphed over 9-5 and 9-9.

The Collegiate

BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS

There was keen interest in the badminton tournament because many close games were witnessed. However, 13-A with Mary Colotelo as captain, remained undefeated. In second and third place came 13-B and 12-A. Deck Tennis was eagerly and skillfully played by the girls in Grades 9, 10, and 11. C-11-B under Sarah Saunders,

11-A and C-11-A were acknowledged as Grade 11 Champs. 10-D under Hope Millholland triumphed over 10-B and C-10-B for the Intermediates. The Juniors eagerly entered into the games, but eventually 9-8 under Evelyn Garrison proved superior. Second and third place honours went to 9-5 and 9-11.



BADMINTON — DECK TENNIS

Top Row—Left to right: N. Thompson, F. Elder, E. Wooley, P. Hartley, J. Cowan, J. MacKinlay, M. Colotelo, B. J. Gray, M. Shannon.
 Second Row—Left to right: A. Hill, G. Germain, E. Myles, B. Taylor, R. Lamb, B. Lawrence, M. Murray, B. Sharpe, I. Randle.
 Third Row—Left to right: M. Lethbridge, I. McPherson, B. Grey, Y. Morrison, P. McLean, J. Ferris, M. McLaren, H. Dobroski, T. Hughes.
 Fourth Row—Left to right: J. Cordey, M. Laidlaw, H. Karn, H. Millholland, A. Cowan, M. Lucas, D. Stewart, J. Moore, M. Kerr.
 Fifth Row—Left to right: M. Pratt, A. Marcicah, F. Feargue, M. Ellis, W. Blaikie, E. Garrison, M. Burr, E. Korbelt, D. Taylor, J. Cater, N. Kilbreath, S. Scarrow.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL GAME

On Wednesday, March 7, a girls' team chosen from the senior gym class clashed with St. Pat's girls in an exhibition basketball game. After a clean, exciting game, our girls downed St. Pat's with a score

of 20-10. The admission was the purchase of a War Savings stamp, and as a result, approximately \$80 was realized for the School War Fund.

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THE COCHRANE CUP



1944 will go down in the history of the S. C. I. as a year of great achievement and distinction. For this is the year that the swimmers of our school have brought us the Cochrane Cup as a reward for their long, tedious hours of practising and passing the rigid examinations of the Royal Life Saving Society.

Mr. Cochrane, the donor of this handsome cup, with his family, has encouraged and enthusiastically taught work of the Royal Life Saving Society with great success and much influence for many years. The trophy is presented annually to the camp, school or organization which has done superior to all other groups in the dominion that try the examinations of the Society.

Much of the credit for this outstanding achievement of our swimmers is to be given to the patient and understanding interest of the instructors and instructress. Indeed, were it not for their painstaking efforts, the classes would not have been so popular and worthwhile.

And so again, we extend our heartiest congratulations to the swimmers all. The S. C. I. is indeed proud of your remarkable feat.

Carol McIntyre: "Why do the robins know how to fly south in the winter?"

Mr. Dennis: "They follow the wild geese."

C. M.: "And how do the wild geese know how to go south?"

Mr. Dennis: "Oh, they look back and see which way the robins are going."

DATE BUREAU

Attention Wolves!

Lonesome	168
Wow ! ! !	3781-J
What a Brunette!	949
Small Fry	2253-J

Here You Are, Girls!

Killer	2625-W
Here HE is	815-W
Brain and Brawn	1677-W
Little Whiz	265

Joanna: "I was driving my dad's car into the garage and I went through the back end."

Shirley: "Why did you do that?"

Jo: "How else was I supposed to stop?"

BOYS' SPORTS



EDITOR — WES MOORE

BILL (MOOSE) ROGIN

Prior to the Christmas vacation, the staff and students said good-bye to one of our favourite staff members—the man who taught here five and one half years, and who is now the director of health and physical education in the Young Men's Hebrew Association, in Toronto — the coach who led our rugby teams to the WOSSA Championships in 1941, and to



many other successful games, both rugby and baseball. Yes, it was Mr. Rogin.

Bill Rogin attended Assumption College, Windsor, and the Ontario College of Education, Toronto, starring on both Assumption and Varsity basketball and football teams. As a member of Assumption's "five fighting freshmen," he established two world records in basketball scoring—chalking up 35 points in a single game, scoring 16 consecutive foul shots in the same game. Again, playing on the University of Toronto's cage squad, he scored all of his team's 25 points, the score up to that time, during the first 39 minutes of the game.

As parting gifts, the Boys' Athletic Association presented him with a mantle clock; the students, with a wallet containing some money; while some former athletes of the school gave him a silver tray to remember them by.

Wherever you are Mr. Rogin, our wishes for good luck and success go with you, and a million thanks for your work here.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—B. Willock, N. Pole, F. Dagg.

Sitting—W. Moor, Mr. O'Donohue, J. Karn.

Missing—R. Dailey, R. Backman, *N. Craig, *D. McRae, *T. Haney.

*On Active Service.

INTERFORM RUGBY

Interform sports during the school year of 1944-45 were a big success. Although the latter half of the year was not under the competent supervision of Mr. Rogin, he left everything in perfect order so that they could be easily carried on. This year more teams and in consequence more

boys got the full benefit of sports.

Some of the higher and also the lower forms were too strong for fair competition so Mr. Rogin chose team captains for the senior league, Grades 11, 12 and 13; Senior Grade X league, over 115 pounds; and Junior Grade X league. The

The Collegiate

grade niners' carried on as usual with their two divisions; senior—over 115 lbs., Junior—under 115 lbs. These games were carried on during the regular lunch period and each player was supplied with football togs.

The team captained by Leo Gladdy defeated that captained by Wes Moore in the Senior league in a very close game, which was played in bad weather.

Jack Lewis walked over all opposition in the Senior Gr. X division and won the championship without a playoff. In the

Junior Gr. X division, Ed. Bayduck's team capped the laurels.

9-1 Seniors won every game they played, and, as a result, easily walked off with the Championship. In the Junior grade IX division 9-1 and 9-5 fought a ding-dong battle from the beginning of the schedule to the finish. 9-5 finally capped the championship when two or three stars of the 9-1 squad were disqualified for taking an afternoon off to view a St. Pats—St. Thomas gridiron episode.



SENIOR FOOTBALL CHAMPS

Back Row—Left to Right: Ross Cunningham, Joe Hackney, Angus Young, Jack Lynden.

Front Row—Left to right: Russ Johnson, Lloyd Dennis, Lee Gladdy, Doug. Cole, Bob Smith.



JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL CHAMPS

Back Row—Left to right: Needham, Maness, Smola, Wright, Jensen.

Third Row—Left to right: Westgate, Spence, McFadden, Culley.

Second Row—Left to right: Shaw, Kimball, Lewis, Fisher, Moore, Bayduk, Yukish, Rutter, Zenora, Lea.

First Row—Left to right: Campbell, Slattery, Dayman, Elmer, Randall, Luckham.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

This year even more than any before was a successful one for interform basketball. More pupils participated in the games and as a result more teams and a larger schedule had to be drawn up. As in football, some of the higher forms had the majority of good basketball players so Mr. Rogin chose team captains for the senior group (Grades 11, 12, and 13) and for the Senior grade X and the Junior grade X. The first formers were fairly new to the game and they struck to form teams.

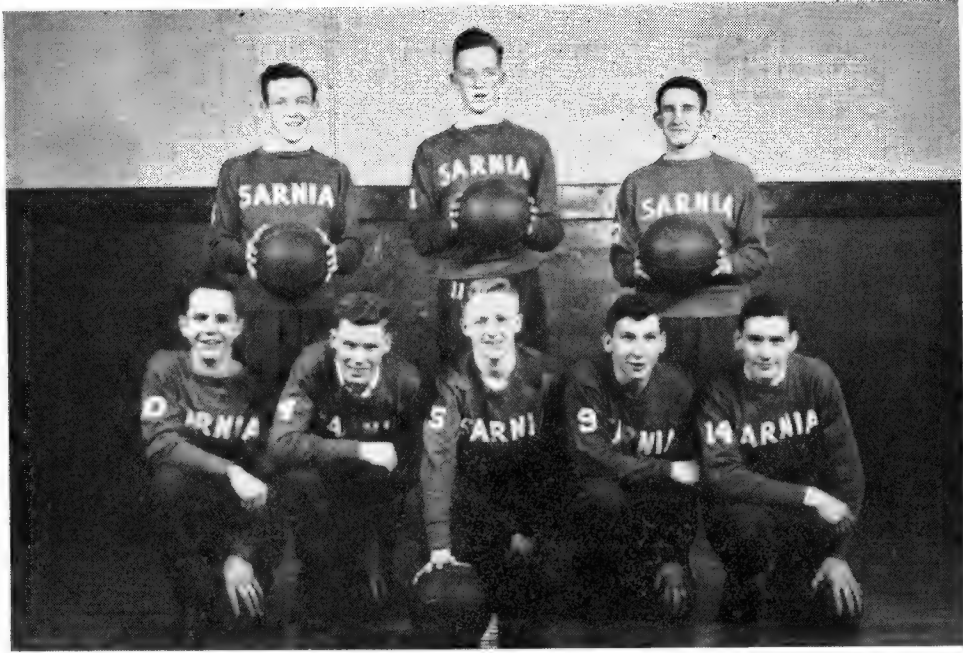
Due to the large number of teams in the league, the Senior groups were not quite finished when we went to press so the finalists only are able to be announced. Wes Moore and Ralph Backman played a two games series points to count in the semi-final round; Moore won the

first game 18-9; Backman came back in the final game to defeat Moore 18-11 but lost the series 39-37. Moore qualified to go into the finals. Dave McCrae and Lee Gladdy put on a thriller in the first game of the other half of the semi-finals; McCrae eked out a victory 25-21. The second game was played with a packed gallery. McCrae did not make any mistake about this game, but had the majority of the play throughout, defeating Gladdy 26-23. Moore and McCrae will play off for the championship.

Jack Lewis easily won the senior grade X division. He swamped all opposing teams, and playoffs were not required.

Reg Spradbrow finally nosed out the junior grade X championship. This league sponsored the most upsets and surprising results of the year.

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BASKETBALL TEAM

Kneeling—Left to right: L. Gladdy, A. Handy, W. Moore, J. Swartz, R. Backman.
Standing—Left to right: D. McCrae, D. Chate, B. Willock.

S.C.I. FOOTBALL SQUAD

The 9-1 Seniors won their championship very easily. They did not suffer a defeat during the entire playing season.

The 9-5 Juniors won the junior championship after a close season with the 9-1 squad. The grade nine leagues promised many future stars for the school basketball team in a few years.

THE ALL STARS

Mr. Rogin picked out the stars of the interform leagues and carefully welded them into a good basketball team. The team had a very successful season, losing only one game out of six starts. The latter part of the season was carried out without Mr. Rogin and the team suffered from his departure greatly, but Mr. Newell's arrival saved the day.

The S. C. I. squad journeyed to Windsor to play their first game against Assumption College. The local boys more

than made up for their defeat in football when they swamped their rivals 41-22. The two Daves, McCrae and Kilbreath, were the stars of this contest.

Next on their list were the tall boys from St. Stephen High from across the border. This was a very close game but the S. C. I. led by McCrae, nosed out St. Stephen 24-19.

S. C. I. then had a two game series with Port Huron Reserves. The first game was played in Pt. Huron. This game was especially good as both teams were very tricky ball handlers. S. C. I. however had had a slight edge and came out the victors a 40-30 score.

The return game in Sarnia proved to be a close contest. Sarnia gained an early lead and were able to keep a few points ahead for the rest of the game winning 30-24. This game had many substitutes

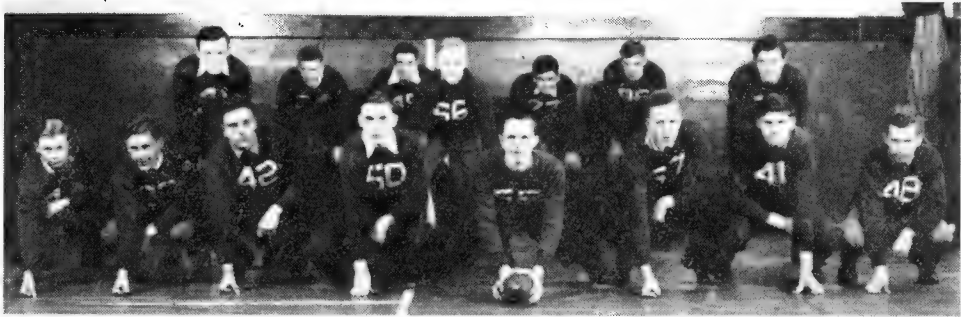
The Collegiate

and the referee was slightly baffled at the flow of players on and off the floor.

Two games were played against the boys who were home on leave. These games were especially interesting, as ex-school stars were playing against the best of today. The S. C. I. squad proved too well-drilled and aggressive for their older opponents winning 29-22. At the end of the game, the Servicemen headed by "Potsy" Parr, presented Mr. Rogin with a beautiful silver tray in appreciation of the happy moments in school he had furnished for them. A second All Star-Service game was played and the servicemen led by sure shot Bruce Mattingley defeated S. C. I. 34-29. After the game there was a sweater hop.

Due to war time conditions, Wossa sports were discontinued; but S. C. I., nevertheless, had a football team which played other schools. Mr. Rogin called practices for each evening after school and he picked the fittest and most willing of those who turned out. The team practised diligently for weeks and finally Mr. Rogin said that they were good enough for

competition. The first game of the season was with Windsor Assumption College which defeated our boys 12-1. Mr. Rogin was greatly disappointed and he put the team back out on the campus for more hard practice. The school team was taken across the border and played a flood-light game against the Port Huron High Squad. Half the game was according to American rules and the other half was strictly Canadian rules. The S. C. I. squad did equally as well at both types of games and swamped their rivals 33-0. Port Huron came back across and partially stopped the Sarnia boys but S. C. I. won 19-6. Mr. Rogin then got a series with the greatest rivals of the school, St. Patricks High. The first game was a pitched battle from start to finish but S. C. I. proved to be too strong for their lighter opponents and won 12-0. A return match was called for the following week and St. Patricks again bowed to S. C. I. to the score of 18-6. The school team was a big success this year, as they only lost one contest out of five. "Heres to the continuation of a school team until WOSSA returns again."



S. C. I. & T. S. RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Left to right: D. McCrae, A. Handy, B. Willock, W. Moore, F. Dagg, D. Guthrie, R. Cunningham.

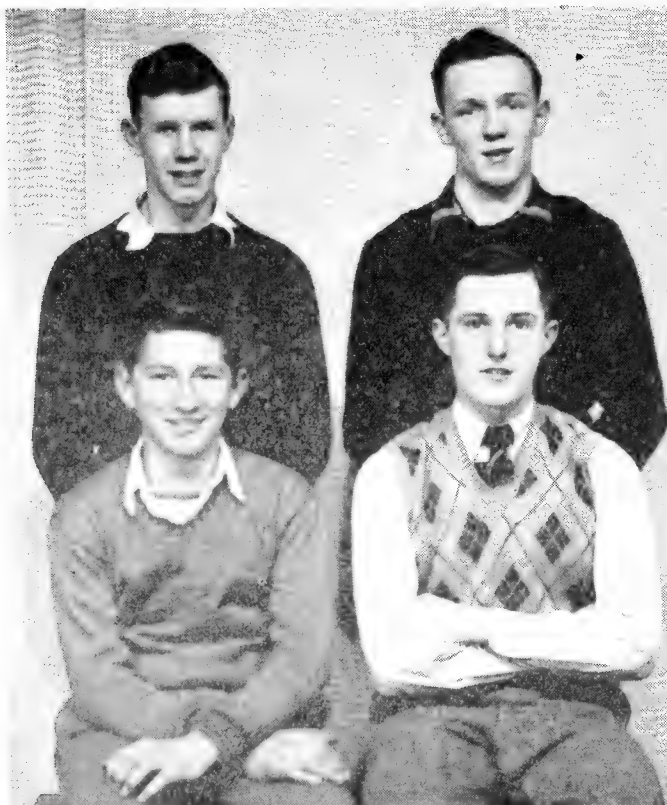
Front Row—Left to right: B. Pedlar, B. Smith, Ellenor, A. Park, L. Gladdy, D. Chate, J. D. McIntyre, D. Smith.

Lee Gladdy: "I was on the radio last night."

Doug. Cole: "You were?"

Lee: "Yeah! we had lots of company and we didn't have enough chairs so I was on the radio."

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FIELD DAY CHAMPS

Standing: Don Corey, Dave McCrae (winners).
Seated: Ed Bayduk, Malcolm Wilson (runners-up).

ANNUAL POINT SYSTEM

The all round school champions in each of the four divisions are determined annually by the point system. This system gives credit for participation in the various school athletic activities—rugby, basketball, life-saving, boxing, wrestling, rifle shooting and track and field. In addition to these activities points are awarded for various gym tests.

Senior Champion—

Don Shanks with 89 points.

Ross Allen with 86 was runner up

Intermediate—

Roy Brown 96 points.

Wellington with 95 runner up.

Junior Champion—

J. Ingles 74 points.

Hurst 71 was runner up.

Juvenile Champion—

J. Whitnell 80 points.

Williams 62 was runner up.

Don Shanks, Sr. Champion, receives the Kenny Cup and also his first "S".

Roy Brown, Interm. Champion, receives a silver medal from the Rotary Club and his second "S".

J. Ingles and J. Whitnell, Junior and Juvenile Champions receive bronze medals from the Rotary Club.



BOYS' LIFE SAVING

Back Row—Left to right: D. Palmer, R. Park, D. Chate, L. Bock, R. Cunningham, R. Smith, G. Laird.

Front Row—Left to right: G. Rogers, R. Conant, L. Elmer, R. Beauchamp, J. Wright, F. Hillier, T. Rogers, E. Maness, J. Walker.

ANNUAL ASSAULT AT ARMS — BOXING AND WRESTLING

This year's assault at arms was a very successful one. There were many participants and a good crowd to cheer on their favourites.

BOXING

In the 85-100 lb. class, Dawson of 9-2 (a) won his semi-final and carried on to win the final. Williams of 9-4 won the 100-115 lb. class in one fight. Widner of 9-4 won the 115-130 lb. classic by defeating Can. The 130-145 lb. class had the most contestants of any group and Wellington of 9-1 earned this title. Knowles of T-10-B won the 145-155 class after a hard battle with Ross Allen of 12-A. The senior championship was won by J. Lewis, T-10-A after two bloody battles with Barry of T-12. The fights were very close and there wasn't much to choose between victors or losers.

WRESTLING

The wrestling half of the assault at arms had more contestants than the boxing end.

Doug. Cole of T-11 won the 125 lb. struggle. McBean of T-10-B won the 135 lb match. The 145 match was a close fought battle but Don Shanks of 13-A won. Jack Knowles T-10-B the winner of the 155 lb. boxing match also won the wrestling. Lanky Don Guthrie of 13-A won the 165 lb. classic with only one match. The heavy grunt and groan match was won by Ellenor of T-10-A. The 100 lb. match had five contestants and Jack Ingles struggled through to win over Grobovi. The 115 lb. class had the most contestants and was marked with unusually good fighting and Hardy of 9-9 came out on top.

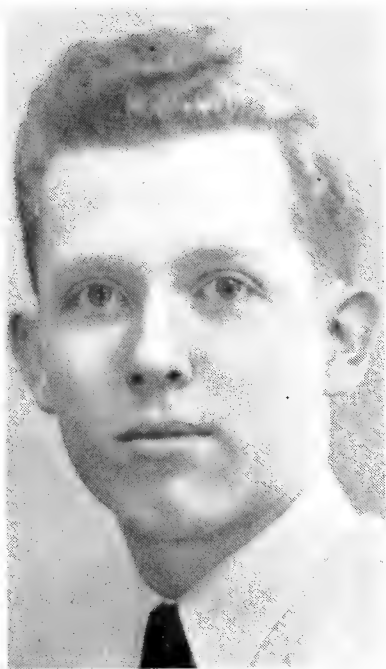
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SHOOTING

EDITED BY J. LYNDEN AND D. SMITH

This year there has been much activity on the school range. The cadets of F. O. Mendizabal and Capt. O'Donohue have done their utmost to outshoot each other. In the D. C. R. A. matches the Air Cadets won two shoots while the Army Cadets overwhelmed them on the last competition. The competition between the two corps was very keen.

The two best marksmen of the Army Cadets were R. Cunningham and A. Young. In the Air Cadets it was T. Kenny and J. Lynden. The special gold medals will be awarded to T. Kenny and R. Cunningham.



DAVIS SMITH
Winner of Strathcona Medal, 1943-44

Below are listed the best individual averages of each of the two corps in the recent D. C. R. A. competition.

Air Cadets

T. Kenny	96.6
J. Lynden	96.0
M. Turner	93.6
J. Wright	93.6
A. Pickering	93.0

Army Cadets

R. Cunningham	95.0
A. Young	94.3
J. Karn	94.0
J. Whitnell	93.3
D. Smith	92.3

Each month the Air Cadets held a shoot for the G. C. Fullerton challenge cups. The individual has been won in turn by B. Bradley, T. Kenny and J. Lynden. The team cup has been won successively by a team captained by J. Lynden.

In the Army Cadets, each platoon was given a chance to shoot Qualification Targets under the supervision of Lt. Ritchie and instructed by D. Smith, A. Young and R. Cunningham.

Recently word has been received that a challenge cup in the memory of F.O. Rodolpho Mendizabal has been donated by Mr. Mendizabal. It will go to the best cadet shot in Sarnia. Four members from each cadet corps will participate. There will be 30 shots fired by each contestant, ten prone, ten kneeling, and ten standing. The man with the highest aggregate score will hold the cup until the next competition. The match was fired on March 23, 1945. This year's champion being Pte. A. Young.

Thus we have seen that this has been one of the most successful years on the range; both for the Army and the Air Cadets.



ARMY CADET SHOOTING TEAM

Standing—Left to Right: Lt. R. Cunningham (winner Lord Strathcona Medal, 1945), Lt. J. Hackney, Pte. A. Young (winner of Mendizabal Memorial Cup), Pte. L. Bock, Pte. S. Russell.

Sitting—Left to Right: Pte. B. Moor, Pte. J. Whitnell, Lt. D. Smith, Lt.-Col. B. Willock, Q.M.S. J. Brunton.

Hugh McCrit: "I saw a fellow hit a girl today."

Bill Boyd: "You didn't let him get away with it, did you?"

Hugh: "I went up to him and said, 'Only a coward would hit a girl.'"

Bill: "Then what happened?"

Hugh: "That's all I remember."

* * * *

Voice on Phone: "Ed Wright is sick today and can't attend classes."

Principal: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my father."

* * * *

Judge: "And now, friend, what did you do to deserve this?"

Jack Godley: "I kept books."

Judge: "I don't believe accounting is a crime!"

Jack Godley: "It isn't; only, these books belonged to the public library."

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AIR CADET SHOOTING TEAM

Standing—Left to Right: Sgt. W. Osborne, Corp. T. Running, Sgt. M. Turner, Corp. Doug. Shanks, F/S. J. Dorsay, WO2 J. Lynden.
Sitting—Left to Right: LAC. J. Wright, LAC. R. Treitz, Corp. B. Selman, LAC. T. Kenny, Corp. W. Charlick, Corp. A. Pickering.

"All those who would like to go to Heaven," said the Sunday School teacher, "please raise their hands." (All did except one).

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like to go to Heaven?"

"Naw," said Johnny. "Not if that bunch is going."

Johnny asked, Shirley refused; Johnny begged, Shirley blushed; Johnny argued, Shirley hesitated; Johnny insisted; Shirley resisted; Johnny tried, Shirley surrendered; so Johnny carried Shirley's books home from school.

An owl, planning to visit his lady love, put on all his best clothes, but on coming out of his hole saw it was pouring rain, sadly exclaimed: "Too wet-to-woo."

CADETS

EDITOR — BLAKE WILLOCK



CADET OFFICERS

Front Row—left to right: Lt. D. Smith, Q.M.S. J. Brunton, Pte. W. Brander, Lt. B. Boyd, Capt. D. Ritchie (Inst.), Capt. F. O'Donohue (Inst.), Lt.-Col. B. Willock (O.C.), Lt. C. MacDonald.

Back Row—left to right: Capt. D. McRae, R.S.M. A. Handy, Lt. J. MacGillivray, F.O. N. Newell (Inst.), Lt. R. Cunningham, Lt. J. Hackney, Lt. J. D. McIntyre, Capt. R. Backman, Capt. L. Laine, Lt. J. Swartz.

CADETS 1944-45

This year's cadets corps is shaping up quite well, even though we haven't been able to get outside a great deal. The officers have been able to secure khaki uniforms and gaiters which should improve the appearance of the corps. All cadets this year are having a chance to fire; this is mainly to classify each cadet in one of four divisions. He is either a sniper, expert rifleman, marksman, or qualified shot. The sniper is given cross-

sed rifles and a crown to wear on his sleeve and the expert rifleman is given crossed rifles. The others have just passed or failed to qualify for these crests. The cadet officers and N.C.O.'s are smartening up the corps with the new fall-in, which, by the way, has been quite an improvement.

A well-attended Church parade to St. George's was held on Sunday, April 22. It was led by the school band under the capable leadership of W. E. Brush.

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Officers and N.C.O.'s

O.C. B. Willock.
Adj. D. McCrae.
R.S.M. A. Handy.

"A" Company

O.C. R. Backman.
1st. Lt. J. Swartz.
2nd. Lt. B. Boyd.
3rd. Lt. J. D. McIntyre.
C.S.M. N. Pole.
Sgt. J. Karn.
Sgt. Harkins.
Sgt. D. Godley.

"B" Company

O.C. L. Laine.
1st Lt. J. Hackney.
2nd. Lt. C. McDonald.

3rd. Lt. J. Macgillivray.
4th. Lt. D. Brander.
C.S.M. R. McDermind.
Sgt. B. Colotelo.
Sgt. J. Beaton.
Sgt. D. Bayne.
Sgt. J. Durance.

Q.M. Lt. R. Cunningham
Q.S.M. J. Brunton.
Reserve Lt. J. Macgillivray.
Reserve Sgt. R. McBean.
Orderly Sgt. L. Short.
Orderly Cpl. J. Ingles.
Orderly Pte. D. Bassett.
Range Officer Sgt. D. Smith.

CADETS 1943-44

Last year the cadets showed a great improvement over other years. The cadet corps took second place in the annual inspection, which last year was made by Capt. Cochrane and two C.W.A.C.'s, one a Lieutenant and the other a staff Sgt. The weather was bad and the campus was quite muddy. The cadets wore their smart new khaki uniforms while the officers donned the same uniforms as in previous years.

The cadet parade consisted of the same routine as in previous years. The salute was taken at the library by Mayor Hipple and the usual route followed back to the school. The mud was so bad that it even pulled the cadets' rubbers off. The officers' white pants soon became gray and black with mud, but the work done showed that it would take more than bad weather and mud to stop the cadets. Cadet Pte. Beaton was rated the best cadet on parade.

Following the inspection, the corps formed a square then Capt. Cochrane complimented the cadets for their fine display. The cadet officers' were given their pins and the rifle marksmen, their medals. The annual officers' banquet followed and proved to be quite success-

ful. At nine o'clock in the evening, the cadet ball was held in the school gymnasium, which was decorated very colourfully. This was one of the most successful dances of the year.

Cadet Officers and N.C.O.'s 1943-44
O.C. George Cruichshanks.
Adj. Mac McClure.
R.S.M. Bill Boyd.

"A" Company

O.C. J. Armstrong.
1st Lt. S. Duncan.
2nd. Lt. B. Jacks.
3rd. Lt. T. Moore.
C.S.M. R. Cunningham
Sgt. W. Brander.
Sgt. C. McDonald.
Sgt. J. D. McIntyre.
Q.M. Capt. N. Dickson.
Q.S.M. A. Brown.
Q.M. Sgt. J. Brunton.

"B" Company

O.C. W. Billick.
1st. Lt. B. Willock.
2nd. Lt. S. Toze
3rd. Lt. D. McCrae.
C.S.M. J. Swartz.
Sgt. A. Post.
Sgt. D. Smith.
Sgt. R. McDermind

"AN INDEPENDENT
PAPER"
The Weather:
SIMPLY AWFUL



FINAL
• EDITION •
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Gasbag Gazette

"SEES NO EVIL - HEARS NO EVIL - TELLS NO EVIL"

VOL. 3 NO. 1

6 PAGES

SARINIA - ONTARIO

PRICE - 1

HUMOUR AND GOSSIP

EDITORS — J. D. MCINTYRE AND FRED DAGG

WATSON A NAME?

(A TAYLOR STOREY of a DAY in the PARK)

I'll tell you of a S.C.I. & T.S. picnic at CANATARA.

We were FREE, for it was a HALLIDAY and though there was a GRAY HAYES in the WEST, we put the HARNESS on our HACKNEY and were off on our TROTTER. LADAN-CHUK was LECKIE for he had a LASCELLES CARR. As we watched him WHEELER BOCK past the HOLMES on our STREET at FORTEY MYLES in reverse GEERE, MCKINLEY shouted, "What the HELSON, why don't you PARKER?"

MCINTYRE had a DATE with DOUGHERTY to HUN FOX on the HILL, but she preferred to sit on the SANDS as she HADDON her WHITE SHORTS. ANDERSON and HART-MAN played TEDBALL but they were RANKIN so low they joined CHATE who was fishing BASS. ADDISON looked at SOPER for he wanted to ASKER too, but he knew she didn't NEEDHAM — she's so ABEL. JEWITT went along and suggested they SING "SHANNON", or "KELLY." ALLEN the BACKMAN at the RUTTER of the boat squealed, "TURN. ER" around," and turned to see his MAITLAND in the REEDS of the McWATERS. They had to FISHER out, and LUCAS with the FLEMING WOOLEY hair lent her the ARCHERS' WHITE CAPES so it was FINAN dandy. DENNIS and McCRAE had gone shooting a young LINK. LUMBY warned, "Stop BEATON around the bush," NELSON whispered, "for 'EVANS sake, what did you TELFER?"

Just then the BELL rang for dinner and DAGG came RUNNING with a BOX of LAMB sandwiches tied with a CORDEY found at the MILLS. It was tied too LEWIS, and they spilled all over the HEATH. GRABOVI gave CAMPBELL a PAT-ON the back when he presented the COOKE in the KITCHING with a BROWN pail of ELDERberries, LOGANberries and ASBURYs — a pail he could hardly HOLLOWAY.

Not using his BRAIN, BISSEL just off the FERRIS wheel, asked for GRAHAM wafers spread with SHARPE MUSTARD and PEPPER. SLATER with a BAYNEful look put away her DOBBINS with BRUSH and PAINT. GILLESPIE trying a POLE vault was GLADDY wore pads for he landed on his WITHERS. Emerging from the STONEHOUSE, WINDER felt a LANTZ thrown by MARRIOT PEARCE his SHANK, and let out a SAVAGE yell. With an AIKEN PAYNE he sank down on a STONE with the BOYCE who were matching NICHOLLS and DUNCAN doughnuts.

WILKINSON arrived, a ROGIN PLAIN HARRIS tweeds covered with BURRISS he had picked up when he attempted to ROBB a ROSEBUSH. Turning to the nearest PRETTY girl her face OLIVER MELLON juice, he gave a pink ROSE TUER, murmuring, (with a DOVE-like sigh) "GRANT me a WRAY of hope." With a NOBLE look LeSUEUR exclaimed, "What is lovelier than a ROSENBLOOM?" (Though she noti-

(Continued on next page)

OVERHEARD IN TYPING ROOM

Mr. Johnston: "You can spend 1 1/4 hours in the typing class today."

Alice Free: "Phooey, I want to take my spare in our home room."

Mr. Johnston: "You need a spanking. You can look at Mr. Cook for the rest of the year. And what's more, I don't think he's any better looking than I am."

Pat Bruner: "No, but he's younger and single."

For once in her life Shirley Humphries was too busy drooling to make any remarks.

Jean Capes: Why didn't they play cards on Noah's Ark?

Marj. Channon: Because Noah was sitting on the deck.

* * *

Bob Cook (cranking his car???): "Pull out the choke, Lloyd."

L.D. (handing choke to Bob): "Here it is, what do you want me to do with it?"

* * *

The sofa sagged in the middle, The shade was pulled just so, The family had retired, The evening lamp burned low. There came a sound from the sofa.

The clock was striking two, And the freshman slammed his textbook

With a thankful "Well, I'm through!"

WANTED

The person who broke Marg. Anderson's lock. (And ran away with the key to her heart).

The Collegiate

WATSON A NAME ?— (Continued from previous page)

ced it was WILTON) KENNY who is a PEDLAR and as WISE as WEBSTER thought it was a RIDDELL. SWARTZ noticed NORSWORTHY'S SHEPHERD dog come panting up with a SKELTON of a MARTIN. BRENNAN the PLUMMER shouted, "SKERRATT, or CALLUM off until we finish these MURPHYs and roast GANDER."

When the rosy HUGHES streaked the sky and the COLES BURNed to ASH, the BONDS of friendship were tightened, as bidding adieu, each voice a GLADWISH for the other.

Ruth Hawley 11-A

COM-PRESS

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL ALPHABET

A is for algebra, of which we have none
B is for Betty, who's chucked full of fun,
C is for Clydsdale, who never has fear
D is for Dailey, who left us last year;
E is for Evelyn, a studious lass,
F is for someone, not in our class,
G is for Gifford, she's left us you know
H is for Hastings, we know she's not slow;
I is for me who's composing this thing
J is for Johnston, who makes our hearts sing,
K is for Ken, our tall blond lad
L is for Lois, who never gets mad;
M is for Murray, to the Army he's gone
N is for Nola, who's not very long;
O is for Oliver, Clare's last name
P is for Pippard, she's always game;
Q is for the question our teachers keep popping,
R is for Ramsden, who keeps us girls hopping,
S is for Scott and Shirley's two;
T is for Teasell, always joking with you;
U is for us, who are learning filing
V is for Velma, who's always smiling,
W X, Y and Z, I don't know, and neither do you.
So now, my dear friends, I fear I am through.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN COMMERCIAL IF—

- 1 Nola and Betty quit talking to each other?
- 2 Mr. Johnston ever lost his temper?
- 3 Miss Weir ever got all the work in on itme?
- 4 Oliver came to school early?
- 5 There were more boys than girls?
- 6 Mr. Coles forgot to explain something?
- 7 Shirley Storey quit chewing gum?
- 8 Mr. Watson lost his sense of humour?

SCI - LITES

The morning of 11-C's form party Mr. Mendizabal said in algebra that there was to be no clinching and no secret rendezvous at the form party. In assembly that morning, Mr. Asbury read the scripture lesson on faith, hope, and love.

The other day Janet Helliwell performed a feat of acrobatics, when she climbed a soaring height to rescue, not a stranded kitten, not a bird in distress, but the blind in 313. Congrats, eh! Mr. Trietz.

TEK TOK

Will Mac Evans please explain why he was so embarrassed when El. Johnson handed Mr. Watson a letter covered with lipstick?

What would Tech. boys do for a laugh in Mr. Garbett's class, if someone didn't sign Alex Provoski, age 21, Froomfield, on the name slip at the beginning of the year in order to hear Mr. Garbett ask if he was present.

AND IT'S TRUE!

Miss Walker: Now class, can't you just picture this ball?

12A: Yes, Miss Walker.

Miss Walker: What kind of music is there—jazz or a minuet—remember the poem is of the Napoleonic era—now what music is the orchestra playing, Harris?

Dave: I don't know, I can't hear it.

* * *

As the hep lad said when his steady appeared in a sweater baggy enough for two lakes, "Make way while I establish a beach-head."

* * *

Mr. Band: Betty Parker, go to the map and show me where North America is.

Betty goes up and points to North America.

Mr. Bond: That's right! Now class, who discovered America?

Class: Betty.

* * *

A green little freshie in a green little way,
Mixed some green little chemicals up one day;
The green little grasses now gently wave
O'er the green little freshie's green little grave.

* * *

What makes Joan C. blush to the roots of her hair.

JUST TOOTS

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor:
"Is it easier to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

—page Mr. Brush.

Lloyd Dennis: "What would be a good name for a fisherman's wife?"

Nancy LeSueur: "' dunno!"

Lloyd: "Oh, Nettie, of course! Now for a railroad man's wife?"

Nancy: "Oh, I know . . . just Toots!"

Miss McRoberts asked Gilbert to read a sentence from his book. He read as follows: "This is a warm doughnut. Step on it."

Astounded, Miss Roberts read for herself as follows: "This is a worm, do not step on it."

The Collegiate

ORCHIDS TO—

..Miss Duff—for her humour.
..Student Council—for commencement.
..Mr. Asbury for everything he has done.
..Mr. Langan—we love that man.

ONIONS TO—

..those who talk during prayers and scriptures in Assembly.
..those who don't participate in interform sports.

The more we study, the more we know

The more we know, the more we forget

The more we forget, the less we know

The less we know, the less we forget

The less we forget, the more we know—

So why study?

Prof.: What's the difference between sight and vision?

Stude: A modern girl is a vision at night and a sight in the morning.

* * *

Nancy: That's the sailor Mabel hooked on the pier last night.

Jeannie: She should have thrown him back.

* * *

Fred D.: Sir, did you take a bath?

Gus P.: No, why—is there one missing?

* * *

K.O.H.: "What steps would you take if you saw a lion on the campus?"

J.T.G.: "Long ones."

* * *

Charlotte: Oh Marie, je t'adore.

Marie: Shut it yourself, you opened it.

SPRING

The spring is sprung,
The grass is ris,
I wonder where the flowers is?
The boid is on the wing,
But that's absoid—
The wing is on the boid.

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT— Form C-12

DOROTHY SKERRATT

Sleeping in class

RENE STONER

Laughing when the joke is over

JOYCE FISHER

Worrying over her bangs in damp weather

JOYCE ADDISON'S

Bewitching styles

FLORENCE McGUGAN'S

Suggestions on how to improve C-12

FRANCES SCARROW'S

Spirits of energy

FAYE WILSON

Blowing the gym whistle before we have our shoes off

SHIRLEY HUMPHRIES

Arriving at 8.44 $\frac{1}{4}$ and wondering if she'll be late

JOANNE DOHERTY

Twisting her neck every time she does a somersault

AUDREY PEARCE'S

Quick answers to Miss Weir's questions

JANET HAWKINS'

Inevitable questions

STELLA BOLF'S

Brains

DOROTHY CHAPPLE'S

Sincerity

HAZEL STEWART'S

New hair-do's

PAT STREET

Calling Mr. Watson Mr. Johnston

ALICE FREE

Who has given up playing hookey since Mr. Cook's arrival

PAT BRUNER

Yawning in everyone's face

DORIS JOHNSTON'S

Dreamy smile

DONNA GALE

And her flashy yellow sweater

JUNE JOHNSON

Borrowing all the typing rubbers

DORA BRIGHT

Blushing when answering Mr. Watson

EDNA COX

Jabbering in Miss Weir's room

GRACE SMITH

Believing her own jokes are the only ones worth laughing at

DORIS SPENCER

Walking into the first room she sees—eh what?

JENNIE BRAIN

Doing a war-dance every time she hears "Rum and Coca Cola"

SHIRLEY WILSON

Coming to school limping. Wonder why?

HELEN MORAN'S

Downright charm

PHYLLIS PEARCE

Wandering around 3rd floor—hm-m-m

JOYCE LUSK

Getting her car stuck on the way to school

CLARE MACDONALD

The only man who can put up with us.

Ralph Dailey's Definition of a Bustle

"It's a caboose on a dress." Wonder where he got that idea?

* * *

Harold: Hey, pop! I have to have an encyclopedia for school!

Mr. Grass: Well, I'm sorry son, but I'm afraid you'll have to walk.

* * *

Stranger: How do I get to Fox's house?

Backman: Easy, follow Mick McClean.

* * *

"There goes the boy that agrees with me," said the cannibal as he finished his meal.

"Ha, ha, that's a yolk on me," said the Swedish lady as she dropped an egg on the front of her dress.

* * *

Voice on Phone: Is Hugh there?

Ev Scott: Hugh who?

Voice: Yoo-hoo yourself.

* * *

"Let's sit this one out" remarked the coach as he pulled the thick-headed quarterack out of the game.

* * *

Mr. Langan: McClean, I thought I told you to hand in an essay on laziness.

Ralph (handing in a blank sheet): Here you are, sir.

The Collegiate

THEME SONGS

There's A Great Day Comin'	Mr. Dennis
A Little On The Lonely Side	Nancy LeSueur
Have I Stayed Away Too Long	Miss McCool
On The Old Assembly Line	Ralph Dailey
Accentuate-the-Positive	Miss Weir
Can't Help Singing	50% in Math.
Stormy Weather	Exams
Down The Road A Piece	Bonner's
I Dream Of You	Senior Matric
Star Eyes	After the Last Dance at a Sweater Hop
Breathless	8.45 A.M.
Time On My Hands	Detentions
Let's Take The Long Way Home	Between Periods
I Love You	Spares
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	Corunna Bus
You'll Get Used To It	Tech Shop

Butch thought that his truck ought to fly,
Thirty-five was too slow for the guy;
So he flew down the road
Till a tire went and blowed—
Now Butch does his flying on high.

* * *

One day Joe was walking down the street when he met his old friend Tom.

Joe: "Hello Tom, where have you been?"

Tom: I've been fighting over in Russia.

Joe: Did you fight any battles?

Tom: Sure, I fought in the battle of Pos'bull.

Joe: Where's that?

Tom: Right near Mos'cow.

* * *

Mr. Allen: What are you doing, son?

Clancy: Try to find the L.C.M.

Mr. Allen: You mean that after forty years they're still trying to find the warn thing?

* * *

The skunk cabbage is Ontario's earliest flower, but it is not a de-stinked success.

Judge: And you say you didn't sign this check?

Forger: No, sir.

J.: Will you swear to that?

F.: Yes, sir.

J.: What proof have you?

F.: I can't write.

* * *

Carrots are sold by the pound, but Mike doesn't like his carrot top too heavy. What diet have you got, Pauline.

* * *

Mr. O'Donohue: Name an organ of the body.

F. C. Dagg: Teeth.

Mr. O'D.: How so?

F. D.: Grind organ.

* * *

Mr. Southcombe: What does LXXX stand for?

Don Hunt: Love and kisses.

* * *

Miss Heasman: What is wrong with the word "recu."

McClymont: You need a gorilla under the C.

* * *

Little dips of powder

Little dabs of paint

Make the little girlies

Look like what they aint.

Mr. Langan: What is the future of "he drinks?"

Handy: "He shall be drunk."

* * *

Mr. Newell: Can you tell me what is "The Order of the Bath."

D. McCrae: Pa first, then Ma, then us kids.

* * *

Allen: How long did it take you to drive a car?

Forty: Three or four.

Ross: Days?

Art: No, cars.

* * *

Lyall: Do you believe in re-incarnation?

Bob: What do you mean?

Lyall: Well, when a person dies, that he comes back in a different form.

Bob: Yes, because my uncle's nearly dead with a bad cold and already he's a little hoarse.

Had a car,

Drove it far;

Seen a cop,

Tried to hop;

Siren's wail,

Now in jail.

McDermid: If a burglar broke into the cellar, would the coal chute?

Handy: No. but the kindlin' wood.

"Milk from Contented Cows" was the slogan that the dairyman placed in his window. Next day the butcher opposite countered with "Sausages from Pigs that Died Happy."

* * *

Kenny: Parlez-vous francais, mademoiselle?

Any SCI fem: 'Fraid not.

Tom: Sprechen Sie deutsch?

Fem: What was that?

Tom: Besame mucho?

Fem: Now you're talking my language.

IDEAL GIRLS OF THE S.C.I. & T.S.

Hair of	Molly Murphy
Eyes of	Joan Dauphinee
Figure of	Mrs. Claxton
Smile of	Marg Cruickshanks
Personality of	Edra Wooley
Wittiness of	Fran Whitnell
Clothes of	Shirley Smith
Dancing Ability of	Helen Carruthers
Athletic Ability of	Peggy Milne
Friendliness of	Bev. Stone
Intelligence of	Marg. Parker

.. IDEAL BOYS OF THE S.C.I. & T.S. ..

Hair of	Clare Oliver
Eyes of	Mr. Cooke
Smile of	Don Guthrie
Personality of	Wes. Moore
Wittiness of	J. D. McIntyre
Clothes of	Leo Gladdy
Dancing Ability of	"Commander" Willock
Athletic Ability of	Paul Gillespie
Friendliness of	Don Shanks
Intelligence of	Bruce Selman

The Collegiate

THINGS WE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT

1. Miss Walker's perfume.
2. Our form parties.
3. Mr. Langan.
4. Boys at the sweater hops.
5. Bernice Leckie's Latin.
6. New teachers—WOW!!
7. Calcium carbide in ink-wells.
8. The P.A. system.
9. Bev. Stone at So-Ed.
10. "Oh Canada" on Fridays.

THINGS WE COULD DO WITHOUT

1. Mr. Trietz's grins.
2. Class sweaters.
3. Sheet metal.
4. Late slips.
5. Mr. Marcy's class detentions.
6. Upper-schol Latin.

Sweet Young Thing: I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't neck.

He: Oh! let's go to the zoo and watch the turtles whiz by.

Definition of a Bachelor

A man with women on his knee, not on his hands.

Weekly Advice to the Lovelorn
Never marry on the Sabbath
—it's a sin to gamble on Sunday.

Did you ever hear this little gem?

My faults are very numerous,
Yours are only two—
Everything you say, and
Everything you do.

The faces around the table were tense and waiting as they sat stiffly with their eyes cast down. No one dared look at the other persons for fear of the consequences. An hysterical giggle was muffled in a cough. No one glanced at the people who hurried to and fro about their business. They waited silently for the pronouncement of their fate. The clock ticked loudly in the deep stillness where before there had been such animation. Then the tall silent man slowly shifted and started to walk away. There was a sigh of relief from the spare table in the office as Mr. Asbury left the room.

Mrs. Claxton (teaching physical culture)—When I say halt! place the foot that's on the floor beside the one that's in the air, and stand still.

Being very obedient, some of them obeyed her, with serious results to the floor of the gym.

Miss MacDonald: "Where's your pencil, Alf?"

Alf: "Ain't got one."

Miss MacDonald: "How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, You haven't got one, We haven't got one, They haven't got one."

Alf: "Well, where is all the pencils?"

Anne C.: Will you have a peanut?

Hope M.: No, they're fattening.

Anne: What makes you think so?

Hope: Did you ever see an elephant?

D. Palmer: What did you do last night?

Nellie T.: Well, I often wondered why the sun went down at night; so I stayed up . . . and it finally dawned on me.

Brightest bits of redness

At its head do ride,
Arms and legs a-flying
Off from side to side.

On the engine's mouth
Broader grows the grin,
Livelier the pace,
The merrier the din.

What then is this sight,
This spectacle so fine?

Surely you can guess it—

Red Smith leading the Con-go line.

Isn't it the Truth

Some girls take you for what you are, but most of them take you for what you have.

Joan C.: Where were you last night?

Doug. S.: Well, in the first place—

Joan: I know all about the first place—where did you go after that?

She: Darling, will you love me when I'm old and gray?

He: You know I do.

McDermid: Have you got a pair of chester drawers at home?

Arbaster: Chester has never been near our house, let alone leave his trousers there.

An old lady with an ear trumpet settled herself in one of the front seats of the auld kirk.

The sharp-eyed little minister eyed her suspiciously over the rim of his spectacles, then sternly wagged his finger at her, with the warning: "One toot, noo and you're oot!"

He: Oh dear, how can I leave you?

She: By plane, train or taxi.

In a steeplechase the winner gets the spoils, and the loser the spills.

Lyle S.: "She said she wanted her face lifhted, so I socked her one under the chin."

FOUND — Near Sarnia Collegiate, an umbrella belonging to a teacher, or a person with a bent rib and bone handle.

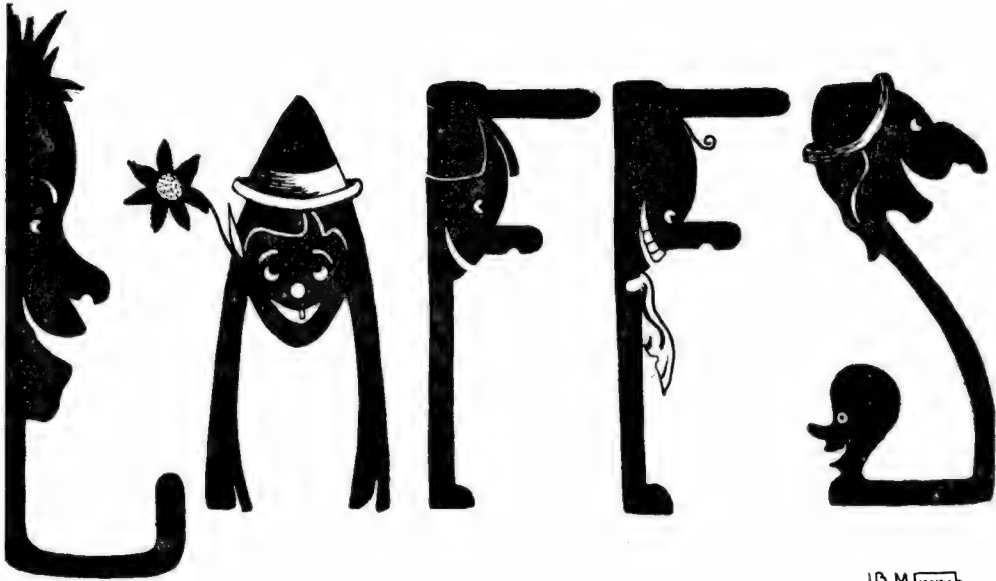
ODE TO MY TEACHER

(apologies to the 23rd Psalm)

He is my teacher, I shall not pass,
He maketh me go to the board, he compelleth me to draw difficult triangles.
He giveth me zero. He maketh me sit down for my class' sake.
Yea! though I study till midnight, I gain no knowledge, for my problem sorely bothers me.
He preparest for me in the presence of my classmates,
He giveth me D.
Surely flunks shall follow me all the days of my life
And I shall dwell in the Geometry class forever.

The Collegiate

NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
Clare Oliver	Clarence	Drums	Second Buddy Rich	School Band	"Hi! Handsome"
Marg Burgess	Margie	Walt	Stenog.	Office Janitress	"Oh! Fishhooks"
Dereck Chate	Answers to Anything	Loblaws!!	Manager	Top Man No. 5	"Charge!!!"
Lucy Elliot	Lou	Walking	Pass in History	Piano	"Are You There?"
Neil Pole	Homer	Broken Legs	Perfect Health	Freight Sheds	"Huba Huba"
Joanna Dougherty	Jo	Mac	?????	Mrs. McIntyre	"Gee!!"
Fred Dagg	Freddie	Forest	Forest	Forest	"... Forest"
Helen Carruthers	Hel.	Pvt. Brown	Housewife	Old Maid	"Ah! Men"
Blake Willock	Commander	Army Cadets	General	Pvt. Can. Army	"Hello, Pete"
Joan Dauphiness	Dauph	Crosby	Drafts Woman	School Teacher	"I Guess"
Ken Smith	Smitty	Big Words	Secretary	Night School	"Wow!!"
Alvin Park	Gus	Pool	Champ Pool Player	Corby's Distilleries	(Censored)
Doris Spencer	Shorty	Home	Imperial Oil	Housewife	"Ya"
Leo Gladly	Lee	Women	Engineer	Union Gas Co.	"Boing!!!"
Dave McCrae	Nobby	Basketball	College	Army	"Geez"
J. D. McIntyre	Mac	Jo	To Go to England	Sarnia	"'Ello Guvner!"



B.M. French

HIT PARADE

"It Could Happen to You" — Germany's advice to Japan.

"Amor" — Song of the Tank Corps.

"Swinging on a Star" — Dorsey's fight with Hall.

* * * *

Joe: "A girl once told me I looked like Frank Sinatra."

Bill: "That's nothing I look like Clark Gable."

Eavesdropping Drunk: "A cop once said to me 'Holy Moses, you still here'."

* * * *

John Mc.: "Where do you bathe?"

Clancy: "I bathe in the spring."

John: "I didn't say when, I said where."

* * * *

J. Tedball: "What can I do for you?"

Customer: "I want a hat."

John: "Fedora?"

Customer: "No, for me."

* * * *

Mac: "What do you call frozen water?"

Charlie: "Iced water."

Mac: "What do you call frozen ink?"

Charlie: "Iced ink."

Mac: "Your telling me."

* * * *

Nancy: "What gown have you decided to wear to the dance?"

Bev.: "So far, I've decided on nothing."

Nancy: "Don't you dare."

* * * *

Doris Brent: "Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?"

Dick Lewis: "No."

Doris: "Well, we can drive around that way."

The Collegiate

Smith: "Say, old man, can you let me have five

Kenny: "No

Smith: minutes of your time?"

Kenny: trouble at all, old boy."

* * * *

Mr. Dennis: "And so we find that heat expands things and cold contracts them. What's an example Dave?"

McCrae: "The days are longer in summer and shorter in winter."

* * * *

Drunk: "Waiter — hic — bring me a dish o' prunes."

Waiter: "Stewed? Sir."

Drunk: "That's none of your — hic — business."

* * * *

Lumby: "What will I hang this thermometer on, sir?"

Mr. Fullerton: "The sky hook."

Roy: "What drawer is it in, sir?"

* * * *

Soldier to Marg. Burgess: "I'm a stranger in this town, can you direct me to your house?"

* * * *

First Former: "Please ma'm, my seat is broken."

Miss Howden: "You had better go to Art for a hammer."

First F. (10 minutes later): "I went to art but they gave me a paint brush."

* * * *

Phyllis: "I tore my very best hanky yesterday."

Audrey: "That must have been an awful blow."

* * * *

Fran H.: "Stop!"

John: "I won't!"

Fran: "Well, at least I did my duty."

* * * *

Mick McLean: "Lets do something different tonight Marylin."

Marylin: "What would you suggest?"

Mick: "You try to kiss me and I'll slap your face."

* * * *

Court: "Mr. Smith, you are hereby sentenced to 20 days in jail on bread and water. How do you like that?"

Ken: "Toasted, sir."

* * * *

Don Guthrie: "Did you pass your finals?"

Wes. Moore: "And how!"

Don: "Were they easy?"

Wes: "I dunno, ask Curly."

The Collegiate

Marshall: "I've got an uncle with a wooden leg that drinks."

Karn: "Is that so?"

Wes: "Yeah!"

John: "Doesn't it injure the finish?"

* * * *

Doris: "What are the buckets for on the shelf there?"

Sally: "Can't you read? It says 'For Fire Only'."

Doris: "Then why do they put water in them?"

* * * *

Motto of 11-B girls: Don't speak to strange men on the street. Drag them into a doorway.

* * * *

Bagley: "Don't you think mushrooms are dangerous?"

Elizabeth Rose: "Gosh! Do they have special rooms for that too?"

* * * *

Alice: "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

Mollie: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire."

* * * *

Boy Friend: "Did you have the radio on last night?"

Jean Fraser: "Yes why."

B. F.: "Well, how did it fit?"

* * * *

Doris: "What does the bee make?"

Bill: "Honey!"

Doris: "Oh! you flirt."

* * * *

Miss Harris: "Who were the Romanov's of Russia?"

Marg Cruickshanks (near the back): "What was that about Prussia?"

Bernice Friedman: "Miss Harris, what was the question?"

Fran Whitnell: "This gets more like 'It pays to be Ignorant' every day."

* * * *

Mr. Trietz: "I wonder who keeps breaking the blind strings — Edra?"

* * * *

Miss Wier: "Name two pronouns."

Clare: "Who? Me?"

* * * *

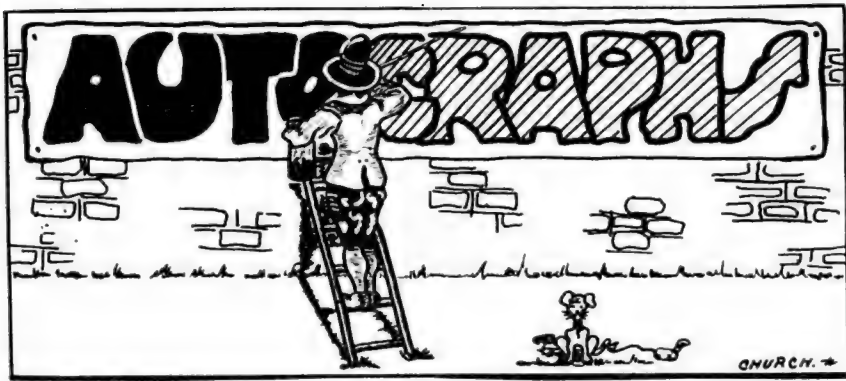
Miss Walker: "Where were you born?"

Len Laine: "In Canada."

Miss W.: "What Part?"

Laine: "All of me."





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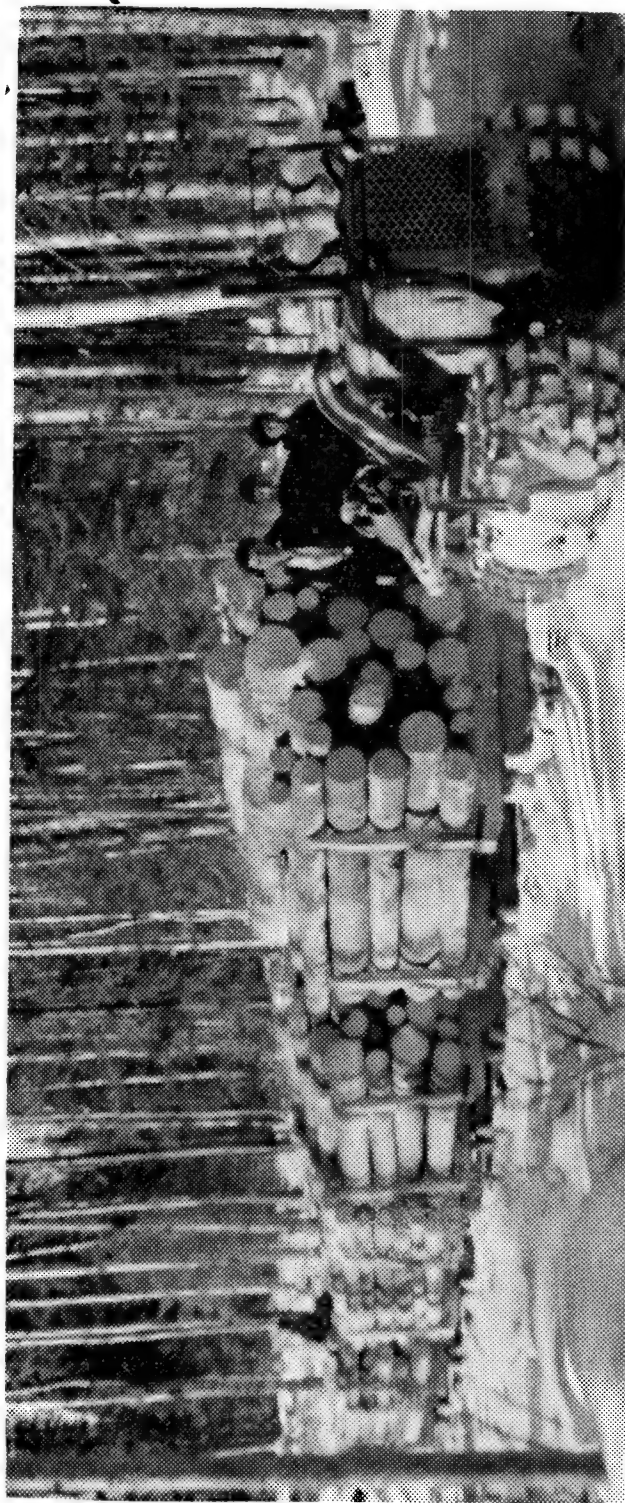
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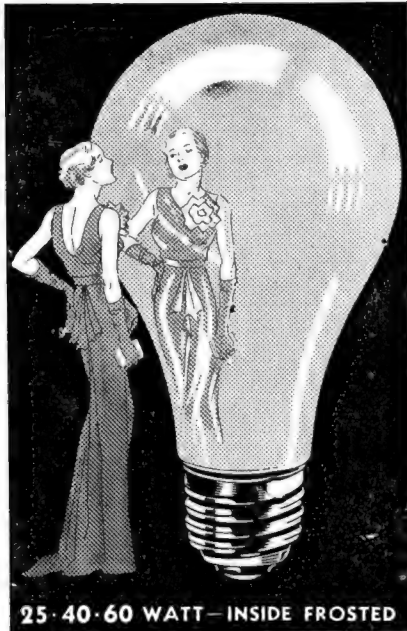
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On behalf of the entire staff of the "Collegiate," I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have placed advertisements in this year's issue.

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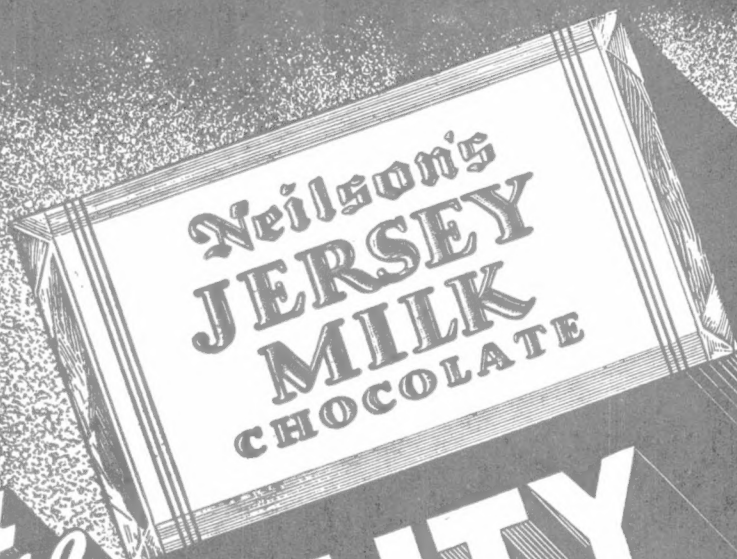
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